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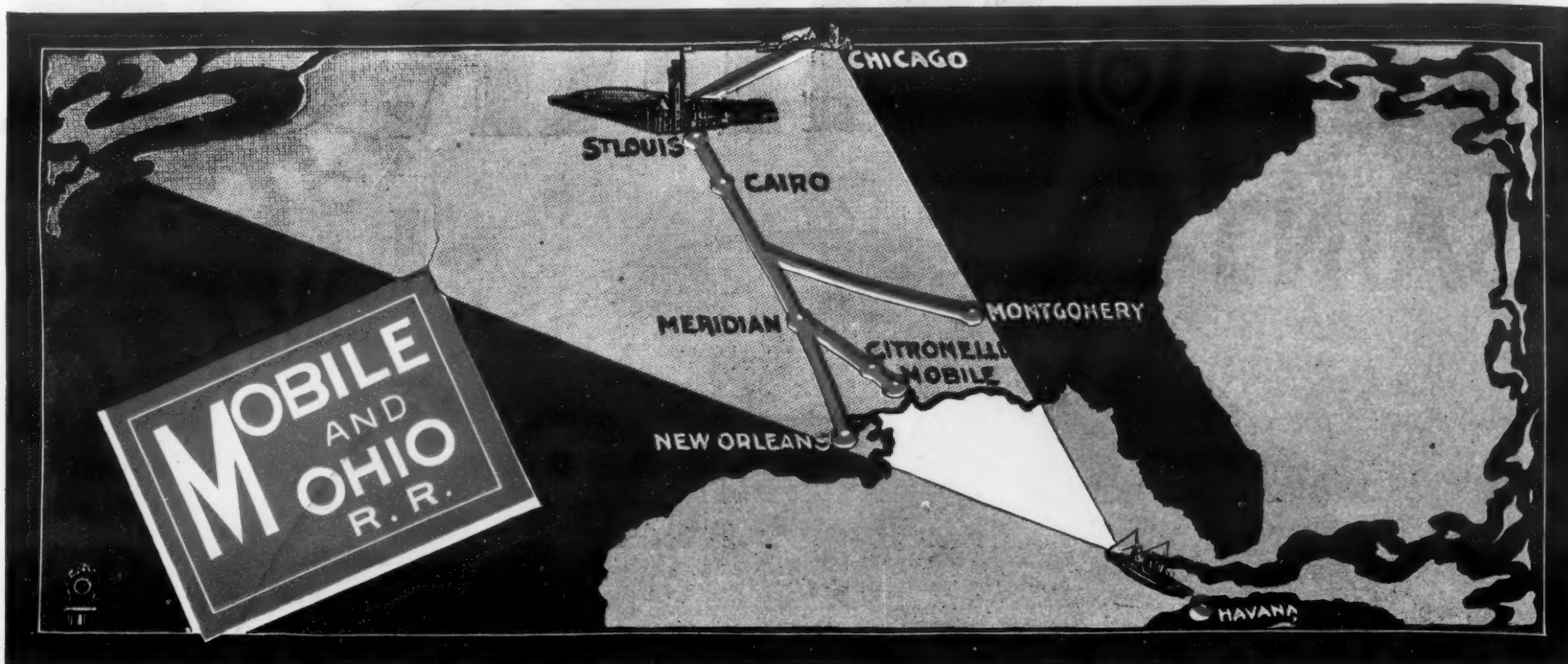
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St. Louis, Mo.

The Mirror

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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FAKERY AND REFORM

BY WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

FOOLING the people in the cause of "reform" is an ancient science or art, but in the matter of reform opposition to the granting of the franchise asked for by the Terminal Railroad Association of St. Louis, this art or science has been brought to its highest stage of perfection.

The request for franchises permitting the enlargement and perfection of terminal facilities is denounced as a "grab." There is no "grab" about it. The Association asks leave to expend \$7,000,000 in betterments. It asks the right to locate these betterments in territory practically valueless to the community, and it offers a price for them, \$250,000, that no other corporation or other concern would, for a moment, think of paying. The Association wants to be ready to handle the World's Fair traffic as it should be handled, and to prepare for the handling of the increased freight and passenger traffic of future years. It can only do this by extending its facilities in places adjacent to its present tracks, and in territory that has no value at all, except in the opinion of some people who think they can afford to force the Association to buy their holdings.

It is a well-known fact, that much of the opposition to the granting of the franchise comes from persons owning property along the levee, and other persons owning property along Atlantic street, who want to mulct the Association of a goodly sum in the sale of their property, bought and held for no other reason than that some day the Terminal Association would need it. It is remarkable, in particular, that it should be discovered, at this late day, that many patches of land, supposedly necessary to the Terminal enlargement, should be held by politicians having influence, or even seats, in the House of Delegates. The situation suggests that this land is held for no other purpose than to make the Association buy it as a means to procuring votes. In other words, if a man wants to sell his vote, he can throw it with his "property," and the Circuit Attorney and the Grand Jury cannot then get after him. There are more ways of killing a cat than by choking him with butter.

But in this view of the case, does it not seem that there is a "grab" against the Terminal Association, rather than that the Association is doing the grabbing? When the voices of the reformers are lifted up against the granting of the franchises in unison with the voices of the men who have been identified, more or less clearly, with boodle operations in the past, is not the situation rather peculiar? The most powerful influence against the Terminal measures in the House of Delegates is nothing more than the influence of that old gentleman who is standing by the indicted and convicted local boodlers with a courage of fidelity "which half redeems his fame." The strongest force in St. Louis against the Terminal measures, at this moment, is the personal force of Col. Edward Butler. This is cited simply as a fact. It requires no comment.

As for all the wild and weird proposals to have the city regulate the rates of transfer of passengers and freight over the Terminal lines, the demand for a new municipal free bridge, the limitation of the duration of the franchise and the insistence that all roads in future to be built into the city be given free entry over the Terminal tracks, they are either utterly im-

practical or wholly confiscatory. The time has not come for municipal control of such properties as are owned by the Terminal Association. The granting of rights for the House and Council to regulate rates would simply be the means of giving any "combine," in either body, at any time, the right to introduce measures for reduction of rates with a view solely to having the company "come down with the cash" to kill them. Or it might enable the company corruptly to influence the bodies in the direction of advancing rates in defiance of popular protest. There is no demand for a third bridge over the Mississippi at St. Louis. Of what use would be a bridge with no railroads to use it, and what folly it would be to build a bridge and operate it so that it must everlastingly lose money! To limit the duration of the franchise, as some reformers propose, would be to force the company to come before the Assembly for an extension thereof practically ere it could have begun to realize upon the investment in the present proposed extension.

The amendments so far tacked on the measures are such as to render the ordinances practically useless. The demand for the abolition of the bridge arbitrary is only a sounding shibboleth. It means nothing. The so-called bridge arbitrary cannot be abolished. There is a certain distance between St. Louis and East St. Louis that has to be traversed in transporting freight and passengers between the two points. That transportation has to be paid for just as the transportation for like distances over every other railroad trackage in the United States must be paid for. It would have to be paid for if the Mississippi River did not exist. But the so-called "arbitrary" might be "absorbed," say some. That is a delusion and a deceit. The cost of transportation may be "absorbed," but it will be in the bill just the same, only the shipper will not see it, like the suit of clothes in the drummer's corrected expense account. The bridge arbitrary will always be in the bill, even though it appear not in the bills of lading or the final accounts. As for the clamor raised about the consignment of goods to East St. Louis, or from East St. Louis, rather than to or from the greater city, that is a trifle which railroad men say can easily be remedied, but it cannot be remedied in such a way that the transportation of goods between St. Louis and East St. Louis shall cost nothing. Suppose the roads entering St. Louis were to abandon their terminals in East St. Louis and purchase terminal property on this side of the river in the regions where terminal property would have to be located, that is to say, close to the business districts. The cost of securing such property in St. Louis would mount so far into the millions that the chances are that terminal charges would be twice as high as they are at present. The transfer of the East side terminals to this side of the river would be about the most afflictive thing that could happen to St. Louis commerce.

The demand for a heavy franchise tax on the Terminal Association is unfair. For this reason: The Association is giving, in service to the commerce and manufacturers of St. Louis, a compensation far in excess of the value of any property or privileges the city may give to the Terminal Association. For years, the city has complained about its terminal facilities. Now the Association proposes to meet the complaint and to give the increased facilities demanded. The moment it does so, there goes up a cry that the Association shall be taxed for expending seven million

dollars in doing what the business community wants. The Association is desirous of doing all in its power to increase the city's commercial prestige, but a number of people, looking chiefly to their own petty interests, want the Association to buy out their holdings of property under threat of enforcing taxation, while a greater number of theorists, committed to one idea, absolutely refuse to see that the benefits offered by the Terminal Association are more than compensatory of the rights to be conferred by the city. For more than a quarter of a century, there has been a shriek to abolish the tunnel. When the Association asks a section of the levee, as the only means to abolish the tunnel, there rise up people who want the Association to pay the city for doing what the city has so long demanded. The city wants quick transportation to the World's Fair. The Terminal Association sets about providing it, in the only feasible way, by a belt line railway. Immediately there arises the cry that the Association shall pay for its readiness to accede to the people's will. What the whole city has wanted and what the Association is ready to do is blocked by a few men who want to sell property at a high price to the Association. There is a loud demand for fair treatment of the city by the railroads, but no voice is heard suggesting the decent thought that the railroads in the Terminal Association are deserving of fair treatment by the city.

The city needs the improvements contemplated by the Terminal ordinances. The city needs them even more than the Association needs them, and while the opposition is fighting the ordinances, not one member of that opposition has suggested, even in the faintest manner, how the needs of the city are better to be met than under the plans outlined by the Terminal Association. The opposition has taken the attitude that it will not let the Association give the city what it needs until the Association agrees to pay a heavy tax for compliance with popular demands, and agrees, further, to reduce bridge charges to such an extent as to render the operation of the bridges and terminals unprofitable. Such a policy is absolutely foolish. It may be much worse than that, when we consider how much of the policy is prompted by a desire of certain persons with influence in the House of Delegates to sell to the Terminal Association property that it does not need at figures that pass from the realm of profit into the domain of larceny. There is too much of a suggestion of sandbagging the Association back of the great howl of the tax reformers. Behind the reform, there lurks a "hold-up," and the people conducting the "hold-up" of the Terminal Association are diverting attention from their unique act of piracy by screaming that the Association is "holding up" the city.

Most of the fight on the Terminal bills is a fraud and a fake. It is based upon outrageous misstatements of the facts, and the most outrageous of all the misstatements is that the Terminal Association wants to "grab" valuable public property. It does not. It owns most of the property it designs to use in furtherance of its plans. It has rights, therefore, in the streets surrounding the property it owns, for the reason that the streets were ceded to public use from the property now owned by the Association. The streets should revert to the property, since the occupancy of the property renders the streets valueless to the public. So far as concerns the levee, that portion of it which the Terminal Association wishes to occupy with its loop from the Eads Bridge to the Union Station is already occupied by an elevated track, and two more tracks would not destroy the levee a particle more than does the structure now existent there. The levee is so much occupied now with tracks that two more will not make the place any more impassable or obstructive or destructive of commerce. The Terminal

Association asks the city for little more, a very little more, than the right to use its own property and such portions of streets as originally came from the property so owned. And for this it is to be heavily taxed, to have its rates reduced by inept politicians, to have its entire business subject to blundering interference, to have its affairs restricted and tied up with limitations and burdensome exactions—that is, all these things will be imposed upon the Terminal Association, if it doesn't avoid the dilemma by buying from Tom, Dick and Harry, each with a pull, property that, in some instances, is to be used only as a disguise for the sale of votes, at rates which would be prohibitive if the Association needed the property, and are absolutely equivalent to highway robbery when viewed in the light of the fact that the Association has no possible use for the property so proffered.



REFLECTIONS

Lord Kelvin's Admission

LORD KELVIN has at last come to the conclusion that there must be a God. A mechanical explanation of the universe will not do, he opines. There must be a Supreme Intelligence, which created and which rules the marvelous cosmos. Lord Kelvin may have cogitated long on this most important subject, yet he cogitated well. Better, at any rate, than did Herbert Spencer, who is still fronting Time and Space and Eternity with his "Ultimate Questions," and vainly longing for an answer. Isn't it strange that there are so many men of science who are unable to understand such a simple postulate as that the universe cannot have created itself, that order cannot come of itself out of chaos? If we admit that there are certain laws of Nature, we must also, perforce, admit that there must be a law-giver. Laws do not form or constitute themselves. The existence of a law implies the existence of an intelligence which considered, planned and imposed it. The wonderful laws governing the movements of the suns and planets cannot be the result of mere accident. Mere matter has no intelligence. Mere matter cannot devise. Rightly considered, matter itself implies the existence of a Creator. It is only a tangible manifestation of His Power. There can be no matter without a Creator. It seems to me that the existence of God can be proved by reason alone, without the assistance of faith. A science that refuses or hesitates to admit it hardly deserves its appellation.



The Liberals' Opportunity

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN's protectionist propaganda is likely to prove a windfall to the Liberals. It is something in opposition to which all Liberal factions can consistently unite. The Balfour government has, apparently, decided to make the imposition of duties on breadstuffs and tariff discrimination against the United States and Germany the ground of an appeal to British voters. After some hesitation, the Prime Minister, Arthur J. Balfour, has acquiesced in the Colonial Secretary's views. In defence of this proposed change of national economic policy, Chamberlain is once more citing authorities. He always does that when he has nothing else to fall back on. In his late Birmingham speech, he made the assertion that "Mr. Cobden did not hesitate to make a treaty of preference and reciprocity with France, and Mr. Bright did not hesitate to approve his action; and I cannot believe, if they had been present among us now and known what this new situation was, I cannot believe that they would have hesitated to make a treaty of preference and reciprocity with our children." In regard to this, it is only necessary to remark that the French treaty referred to provided for reciprocity—not for

preference. Mr. Gladstone, in explaining the scope of the treaty to Parliament, declared that "it is perfectly understood between France and ourselves that we proceed with regard to the commodities of all countries alike." It seems, therefore, that Chamberlain will have to invent different authorities, if he is so anxious to fortify his position therewith. If he cannot defend his protectionist views in any other way, he might as well drop them altogether. It will take something more than a mere juggling with authorities to convince the industrial masses that England is ripe for protection. The Liberal party has at last been given a splendid opportunity to reassert itself. If it makes wise and clever use of it, it should not find it so difficult again to return to power. The memory of the corn-laws is still vivid in the United Kingdom. The mere fact that Chamberlain is advocating preferential duties will not suffice to convince industrial voters that higher prices are a desideratum in a country which is unable to raise more than a few months' supply of foodstuffs for its population.



A Pickwickian Endorsement

SENATOR HANNA has made a sudden *volte face*. He now declares that he is not opposed to an endorsement of Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy for the Republican nomination in 1904. The National Chairman must have heard something drop. His precipitant change of attitude contrasts strangely with that deliberate and unperturbable sedateness which has heretofore characterized all his political actions. Is he sincere in his present avowals of loyalty to the President? It does not seem so, if one may be permitted to judge by his late utterances before an Ohio county convention. By saying that Mr. Roosevelt deserved the party's support, because, at the time of his induction into office, he solemnly promised to abide by the administrative policies of President McKinley, the Senator intimated, in a rather plain manner, that he holds some sort of a grudge against Mr. Roosevelt. An endorsement of this kind does not endorse. It is too patently ambiguous. It teems with spiteful insinuations. It is a treacherous stab rather than a friendly pat on the back. Mr. Hanna must still be regarded as being antagonistic to the President's candidacy. He does not approve of Rooseveltian anti-trust agitation. He is suspicious of the "Iowa idea" of tariff revision. He is alarmed at the results of the Northern Securities decision. The Senator resents the practical demonstration of the enforceability of the Sherman law. He cannot see the necessity or wisdom of it. According to his plutocratically conservative notions, anti-trust laws should be regarded as mere and meaningless expressions of glittering opinions rather than a resolute legislative recognition of National needs and demands. The Ohio Senator is a friend of Mr. Roosevelt in a Pickwickian sense only. His interests and affiliations are such as to prevent him from being that in any other.



Something to Consider

WHILE we are engaged in working ourselves into a fine frenzy over the ghastly results of racial and religious hatred in Russia, let's be careful not to forget the beam that is in our own eye. The outrages at Kishenev were committed on law-abiding and innocent people, and for this reason the more heinous and damnable. It is a peculiar brand of Christianity that can inspire and countenance such beastly orgies of brutality and murder. Yet what shall we say of that other brand which sanctions the flogging, blinding and burning of "niggers" in a country which boasts of its high state of civilization? And what about the many acts of beastliness which so frequently accompany labor troubles in our large cities? There were scenes enacted during the street car strike in St. Louis, a few

years ago, which were not much different from those described in some of the dispatches from Kishenev. It would become us much better grandiloquently to voice our indignation at the Russian persecutions of inoffensive people, if our own conscience were less seared by bloodguiltiness and our American Christianity more in accord with the teachings of Him who said: "Love ye one another."



Another Financial Harvest

THE reorganization of industrial trusts is fairly under way. One after the other is succumbing to the heavy load of capital with which it was endowed at its birth. The latest to be submitted to the pruning knife of Wall street surgeons is the United States Shipbuilding Company. It is proposed that the capitalization of this concern be reduced from eighty-one to forty-three millions. The people who confidently invested in the "securities" of the company are, of course, expected to furnish fresh working capital. The bondholders have already been "commandeered" to contribute cash to the tune of two million dollars. The reorganization promises to be most beneficial to the financial magnates who graciously condescended to devise and superintend it. The Wall street financier dearly loves to reorganize a "busted" concern. There is always plenty of profit in it. In addition to substantial commissions, he is assured of a bonus in bonds or shares and given ample opportunity to manipulate the course of the new securities on the stock exchange. The Wall street financier can always be sure that some thing or other is coming his way. Whether stocks are booming or declining does not make any difference to him. In times of prosperity he organizes trusts, and in times of depression he reorganizes them. He knows that he will never be without an interesting and lucrative job. At the present time, he has not the least doubt that, in the course of the next few years, there are bound to be a good many reorganizations of recently formed industrial combines. And this is what makes him so happy. This is what induces him to stick to his post. The capitalization of trusts must be readjusted. It is as necessary in their case as it was in that of the railroads which left the hands of receivers some years ago. The wind and water have to be squeezed out. Capital must be scaled down until it is more in accordance with the intrinsic value of properties. This readjustment process will be seen in full swing as soon as commodity prices begin to tumble. The loftier the tumble, the more serious will be the consequences, the more drastic the reorganization, the heavier the assessments, or "Irish dividends," on bonds and stocks, and the fatter the commissions to reorganizers:



A National Lesson

THE tragical and saddening news from the inundated districts of Missouri and Kansas conveys a lesson of National importance. It tells us in a most impressive manner that more attention must be paid to river improvement and the building of levees. It proves to us that if it is necessary to foster the growth of agriculture and industry, it is also necessary adequately to protect established interests. Mere building up will not do in sections exposed to the deplorable ravages of overflow. Precautionary measures should also be taken to ward off all danger that modern scientific engineering is admittedly able to cope with and to remove. Life and property should be made secure. There is no excuse for neglecting defensive work of this kind. Money spent in the construction of levees and the regulation of channels has never failed to turn out a most excellent investment. The time has come when it behooves State

and Federal authorities to exert themselves more diligently and wisely in the working out of such highly important measures of self-protection. It is perfectly feasible to reduce dangers of overflow to a minimum. What's the use of building big navies and of having trans-oceanic possessions, when thousands of farms and entire flourishing cities at home are constantly in danger of inundation by ill-regulated rivers and by the absence of necessary levees? It is time that external expansion be accompanied by internal improvements. A well-protected and flourishing Kansas City or Topeka is worth more to the Nation than are hundreds of coral islands in the tropical regions.



The Gambling Craze

FROM everywhere comes the complaint of an alarming growth of the gambling craze. Gambling is in a fair way of becoming our National vice. It is in evidence on the stock-exchange, on the race track, at church-fairs, at charity-bazaars and in elegant parlors. Love of wealth and luxury, and a certain perversion of the moral sense lie at the bottom of it. The fashionably-dressed lady who participates in a euchre game to win prizes is doing the same thing that the negro crap-shooter is doing. She is gambling. Because the taking of chances at church-fairs has a charitable purpose, the vice is not necessarily metamorphosed into a virtue. It is still plain, common, reprovable gambling. Undoubtedly, euchre-parties and "charitable" chance-taking have done much to spread this abominable vice. They are responsible for many a wrecked and wasted life. Gambling lowers the individual's standard of morality. It degrades his character. It gives him a false and dangerous view of the rights of property. There could be no more efficacious destroyer of thrift, energy and honesty than the gambling habit. The person who is hopelessly addicted to it is, in a moral and economic sense, a "dead one." His moral strabism prevents him from being useful to himself or others. He is a burden and a parasite. The end is always the same—he goes to the dogs, in some way or other.



The American Metropolis

NEW YORK has good reason to do some bragging over its greatness and achievements. Within a period of only two hundred and fifty years, it has grown from an isolated settlement to a magnificent city of commanding international position. History furnishes no parallel instance of such phenomenal growth. New York has smashed all records. It is an overwhelming materialization of the American spirit of intelligent and unshackled enterprise. Within the not remote future, it will, in wealth, commerce and population, be the first city of the world. In merely material achievements, it will eclipse Babylon, Tyre, Carthage and Rome. New York is destined to assume the hegemony of the world's trade and finance. Well may the Nation be proud of such a city. Within New York are concentrated all the ideas, energies and hopes, not only of this Nation, but of an entire civilization. That the city is given over to pre-eminently materialistic pursuits and ideals at the present time need not discourage us. In the course of the centuries, the wildly pulsating life of commerce will bring forth the glorious, though perishable, fruits of a new intellect and a new art.



Landlordism in America

FARM tenantry in the United States is on the increase. Census bureau statistics show that there were 2,026,286 farm tenants in the United States in 1900. The increase for the past twenty years is estimated at 97.7 per cent. These figures would indicate that there really is grave danger of landlordism in this country. At the present time, more than a third of the farms in

Kansas and Nebraska are operated by tenants. In view of this, it behooves the Government jealously to supervise the sale of the remaining public lands, especially in those States and Territories where irrigation is to be introduced on a large scale. For some months past, there have been reports from Nebraska, New Mexico and Southern California that land syndicates were resorting to all kinds of cozenage to acquire possession of large tracts of land which, if put under irrigation, would be of the utmost value and promise. In various sections of Nebraska, the cattlebarons are said to be extremely active in this unlawful land-grabbing. They know full well that their day of undisputed supremacy is fast drawing to a close. They hate and fear the small and honest homesteader. In furthering their plans of acquiring many thousands of acres of land, they do not hesitate to circumvent the provisions of the Federal homestead law through despicably ingenious devices of bribery. Considering the unlimited possibilities of agricultural development which the Newlands irrigation act holds out, together with the rapid diminution of the public domain, there is the most potent reason why the Government authorities should be stricter than ever in superintending the disposition of the land that is still left. We do not want any landlordism in this country. We want homesteads, not lordly domains. The Government can no longer afford to be lax and liberal in the sale of land which belongs to the Nation. The National homestead law proved one of the most statesmanlike pieces of legislation ever enacted in any nation or in any age. It did much to bring about our country's phenomenal and unprecedented growth in population, wealth and industry. And there is every indication that the National irrigation law will prove an equally stimulative and beneficial economic factor. The Federal Treasury will soon be in position to expend millions of dollars upon irrigation work. The fund available for this purpose is growing apace. Two decades hence, large tracts of land now unarable will have been converted into fertile land of the greatest productivity. And it would be a sorry and disheartening spectacle if at that time such land should be held by greedy monopolists and not by the small upbuilding farmer. Tenantry means ruinous exploitation of agricultural resources. It is not in accord with republican institutions. It makes for a landed aristocracy, for a widening of the gulf between upper and lower classes, for economic distress and political corruption and decay.



Consular Service Reform

AS soon as the Fifty-Eighth Congress has buckled down to business, Senator Lodge's bill providing for sweeping reform in our consular service will be re-submitted for consideration. It failed of passage in the last session of the Fifty-Seventh Congress, but has since been so strongly indorsed by the National Business League, an organization comprising hundreds of prominent manufacturers, exporters, importers and merchants in general, that its chances for passage in the new Congress are considered decidedly promising. There is every reason why it should become a law. The bill is well drawn; it is in consonance with the requirements of the times, and should, if passed, prove an efficient factor in promoting the growth of our foreign trade. Our present consular system is absurdly and glaringly deficient. It is obsolete and unbusinesslike. It is not representative of the energy and intelligence of the American business community. What we need is a trained corps of well-qualified consular officials. Applicants for this important foreign service should have preliminary training and knowledge. They should be conversant with at least one foreign language—the French, Russian, German,

Italian or Spanish. They should be adaptable, and willing patiently to study the habits, customs and political and economic institutions of the country where they are sent. Most of our consular officials of the present day are inexperienced and, therefore, inefficient. They regard their posts as merely political jobs. They refuse to make special efforts to ascertain and meet the particular wants of merchants abroad. They look at foreign conditions and requirements from an American standpoint exclusively. Unlike the consular representatives of leading European nations, they act on the singular theory that foreign buyers should accommodate themselves to American, rather than home views in purchases of American goods. If we had a more capable class of consuls, our trade with South American countries (to cite only one instance) would be a great deal larger than it is. The British, German and French consuls in the Latin republics are men appointed on personal merit alone. They speak the language of the country. They are good "mixers." They are anxious to please merchants. They gratify whims. They explain and point out special advantages. In *fine*, they act more like commercial drummers of proved ability, tact and courtesy. At the same time, they are highly educated and qualified to enter the best circles of society. It is by appointing men of this kind, and of this kind only, that the United States can hope to promote its commercial interests abroad to the extent that it desires. American consuls should be well-educated business men, with a comprehensive grasp of broad political, economic and legal principles, rather than untutored and bumptious politicians.



Weather Predictions

PREVAILING weather conditions demonstrate the primitive ignorance of modern meteorologists. This class of "scientists" knows practically nothing of the influences that change weather conditions. Their prognostications are not worth thirty cents. They are not on a par with the advice that the animals of the woods and fields could give us in regard to coming changes in the weather, if they were able to make themselves understood by man. The animal's instinct beats boasted, proud human intelligence every time it comes to a show-down. The Government's weather prophets may be and are useful in a certain way, but, so far as coming important changes in meteorological conditions are concerned, they know no more than anybody else does; their foreknowledge is, as a rule, no more apt to be accurate than is that of the ordinary layman. There is as yet no such thing as a science of the weather. What we have at the present time is merely meteorological metaphysics. One prophet's guess is as good as another's. And yet we fain would have some kind of systematized knowledge of the influences which affect and determine weather conditions. But how are we going to obtain it? We cannot bind the "sweet influences of Pleiades," nor "loosen the bands of Orion."



A Futile Discussion

THE discussion of Presidential possibilities is waxing warm and silly. It is interesting chiefly to the politicastros. Its prematureness renders it utterly fatuous and banal. A good many things may happen between now and the meeting of the two National conventions to nullify all present prophecies, at least so far as they have any bearing upon the Democratic nomination. The politicians alone will not decide matters of this kind. Most frequently, it is the imponderabilities which finally have the determining influence. It was these which secured the nomination of William Jennings Bryan in 1896, a man who did not figure at

all in the conjecturing preceding the Chicago convention. Imponderabilities may loom small in the prophetic vision of politicians, but they are mighty factors nevertheless.



MR. PAYNE'S AUGEAN STABLE

BY FRANCIS A. HOUSE

THE post-office department at Washington seems to have been for years in an advanced stage of official rottenness. The scandalous disclosures are of sufficient proportions to perturb even the complacent *bonhomie* of Mr. Payne, the Postmaster General. The investigation now under way promises to become decidedly rich in results. Who would have thought it possible that such brazen methods of corruption could be pursued in one of the administrative departments for any length of time without arousing the vaguest suspicion at headquarters? When the investigation began, Mr. Payne went to the trouble of assuring inquirers that there was nothing to it, that it was all irresponsible newspaper talk. He even went so far as to indulge in equine cachinnations when somebody expressed the opinion in his presence that high officials might be found involved in the scandal.

Mr. Payne has since dropped his attitude of indulgent skepticism. He now appears to be quite zealous in the conduct of his investigation. The amount of corruption already brought to light has induced him to take a more serious view of the matter. He begins to act as he should have acted months ago. As matters stand, there is good ground to believe that various Congressmen will eventually be found entangled in the net of the investigators. The post-office department appears to have been the favorite hunting ground of Congressional corruptionists. Legislators and officials with elastic, adjustable consciences did not scruple to hold up the Government in every way possible. Acting on the time-honored, facile principle that one hand washes the other, they contrived to create new offices, to increase salaries, to favor certain contractors, to buy material for the Government at the highest possible prices, in short, to effect everything they had no right to effect.

Politics has been the bane of the post-office department. It fastened itself upon every branch of the service. The department appears to have been strangely susceptible to its influence. Congressmen did not hesitate to make use of the opportunities which the department afforded them for compensating partisan-workers, or for finding sinecures for particular friends and relatives. Insinuations are made that the "female" friend was especially well taken care of by Congressmen who were on the "inside" in the department. A good many well-paying places were given to this class of Congressional "friends." For reasons somewhat difficult to understand, the post-office department has long been regarded as a haven of refuge for women of a more or less "interesting" past.

In ancient times, the kings of Europe used to send their "friends" to a convenient convent; American Congressmen secure them places in the post office department. Democracy has more pleasant ways of providing for its "friends." *Tempora mutantur.*

The post-office department has proved a poor investment from a financial standpoint. Every year, Congress is asked to provide for the covering of a substantial deficit. This is something that could certainly be obviated by the enactment of proper remedial legislation. There is no apparent reason why the department should be run at an annual loss to the Nation. If it were controlled by a private corporation, it is more than likely that, at the end of the year, the results would show a good surplus to stockholders. The

way the department is run at the present time, and has been for years, is a disgrace to the Government. The other departments are conducted in a business-like manner. What is there to prevent the post-office department from being conducted in the same creditable way?

The disgraceful results of the investigation should make it clear to the Administration and Congress that Mr. Payne's department is in need of thorough and prompt reform. There is no occasion as yet to despair of the Government's ability to conduct the mail business in a profitable manner. The Government should be and is able to do as well as, if not better than, a private corporation. All that is necessary is an extermination of political corruption and a suppression of the scheming, cunning grafter.



WALL STREET SYNDICATES

BY L. ARTHUR STANTON.

RECENT developments in Wall street have given a sudden and wholesome check to the organization and operations of financial or underwriting syndicates. Moneyed people have been taught a thing or two by the severe break in prices. They have had an eye-opener of the most serviceable kind. Syndicates have been hit so hard and so persistently in the last seven or eight months that the impression is spreading abroad that they have lost the eager confidence of venturesome speculators, and even the support which large financial institutions were formerly disposed to extend to them.

The "blind-pool" business is played out. Underwriting syndicates there will always be. They are a most necessary and most useful adjunct of modern finance. But their operations will, hereafter, be confined to a more legitimate and conservative sphere. There will be no more "blind-pool" features, no more operations of the kind which, up to some time ago, used to transform the New York stock exchange into a veritable bedlam.

The underwriting business of the more reckless sort, in the heyday of its exultant glory, proved quite profitable. It added millions and millions to the fortunes of several well-known members of the *haute finance*. J. Pierpont Morgan, for instance, did a rampageous land-office business in the days when "suckers" were still abundant and inexperienced. The reorganization of various large railroad systems proved a genuine windfall to the portly financier. It put money in his pocket at a rate that would have proved a source of infinite, chuckling delight to the cynical, world-wise *Iago*.

There used to be syndicates galore. Every swash-buckling gambler who aspired to "fame," leadership and millions contracted the habit of organizing a syndicate of some kind or other. There were underwriting syndicates and typical gambling syndicates. The latter were, of course, the most doubtful and the most dangerous undertakings. They were, as a rule, formed by men whose conscience was of infinitesimal proportions, and to whom the almighty dollar represented the highest ideal in life. We could mention several of these Wall street Frankensteins, but prefer to refrain, not because they deserve to be treated with indulgent charity, but merely because they are not worth mentioning.

The gambling syndicate, or "blind pool," was much in favor with the rank and file of "outsiders." It held out many and most alluring temptations. Its management professed to know all the ways and all the wiles of treacherous Wall street. It sent out speciously-worded literature by the bushel to all the important cities of the country. It offered to telegraph

"tips;" it predicted important movements in certain active stocks, the names of which it ostentatiously refused to disclose, for "*raisons d'état*." To give complete information would, they pretended, jeopardize the success of the "pool." The end of the thing was always the same—a huge and painful and expensive fiasco for—the public.

The underwriting syndicates set up as more substantial and respectable concerns, although there were a good many of them which also did a strictly "blind pool" business. The United States Steel Corporation syndicate was the most successful of them all. It is authoritatively stated that its profits amounted to two hundred per cent. The financing of the billion dollar trust, whose total capitalization is about \$1,500,000,000, involved only a little more than \$20,000,000. Morgan has every reason to point to this syndicate as his *tour de force* in finance. It demonstrated his courage, his skill, his versatility, his energy, his daring, and, above all, his power in the international world of finance. In the management of it, he eclipsed all his previous star performances, even his remarkably adroit feat in straightening out the many complications arising out of the cornering of Northern Pacific stock, in May, 1901.

Unfortunately, however, the phenomenal success achieved in the flotation of United States Steel securities turned Morgan's head. It gave him the perilous notion that his was the hand of King Midas, that none of his undertakings could possibly go awry. While under this delusion, his frenzied eye glanced towards heaven and then across the Atlantic. He, most reasonably, concluded that there was no possibility of his reaching the heavens, but, most unwisely, opined that the ocean could be appropriated and made to yield profits "beyond the dreams of avarice." And so he organized the International Mercantile Marine underwriting syndicate, and, sad to relate, met his Waterloo. The operations of this syndicate were woefully profitless from the start. The underwritten securities could not be sold. The public held aloof, under the impression that Morgan's ambition had overleaped itself. The almighty power in finance had revealed its feet of clay.



HOW TO ENJOY PICTURES

BY ESTELLE M. HURLL

A VISIT to one of the world's art centers often proves a wasted opportunity. The average tourist comes with very little preparatory study, and goes away disappointed that the masterpieces have failed to move him. He learns too late that a great picture cannot be comprehended in a hasty glance. The law of art appreciation is the law of life: "To him that hath shall be given."

While it is not necessary that one should be an artist or an art critic in order to enjoy pictures, a certain measure of intelligent study is of inestimable advantage. Just how to pursue such study wisely is a question many people are now eagerly asking.

There is danger of making art-study too mechanical. Our guidebooks tell us that certain pictures are pronounced masterpieces by this or that authority, and we accept their statements without question. Ready-made opinions are always a temptation to the indolent, and to commit such opinions to memory is one of the mistaken forms of so-called art-study. Unless we know some good reasons for the critic's judgment, we can make little progress in cultivating any critical powers of our own. Our eyes must first be opened, that we may discover for ourselves the beauties of a picture. The pleasure derived from independent study is far keener than any borrowed information

can bestow. Let us consider together for a few moments the various elements which go to make up a picture. It is a long step forward in our study to know what to look for when we take up a picture we have never seen.

The first thing we think of is probably the subject. We involuntarily ask, "What is it about?" Sometimes the answer is quite apparent. It is a picture of a mother and babe—perhaps the Madonna and Christ-child—or of children playing at their mother's knee. There are certain simple, everyday subjects like these which explain themselves at a glance. The familiar scenes of toil with which nearly all Millet's works deal, as the "Sower," the "Gleaners," the "Shepherdess," need no titles to make their meaning clear. The animal pictures of Landseer and Rosa Bonheur form another class of subjects instantly recognized. This fact is, no doubt, one secret of their enormous popularity among the uneducated. Illustrations of Bible stories and well-known historical incidents are also readily interpreted by the majority of people.

But when we go into a great art gallery we soon find pictures whose subjects are a perfect enigma to us, illustrations of legends we have never read, portraits of people of whom we have never heard, and a host of other unfamiliar things. Shall we pass them by without a second glance? This is, in fact, what many people do, and thereby lose some of the world's greatest art treasures.

Certainly the natural approach to the appreciation of a picture is through the study of the subject, and we should make every effort to learn what we can about it. To have no clue to the meaning gives a baffled sense of disappointment. To recognize it at once is an encouragement to further examination. In either case, however, we must remember that this is only one element of the picture, and that a work may have great qualities which are quite independent of the subject. Those who see nothing in a picture but subject are poor indeed in the presence of the masterpieces.

Some few years ago, a painting was discovered in an old palace in Florence and at once pronounced by critics a beautiful work by Botticelli. For a long time, no one could understand the theme except that it represented the two figures of Pallas and a Centaur. None the less was it greeted with enthusiasm, and those who were indifferent to it because the subject was unexplained were the losers. The picture is now read by an allegorical interpretation, but it is not on that account one whit more valuable as a work of art.

There are many pictures of which the subject may be perfectly clear, but for one reason or another distasteful to certain people. Rembrandt's "Anatomical Lecture" presents a very gruesome scene to a sensitive imagination. The tavern revels of Teniers' pictures are offensive to a refined taste, and the kitchen scenes of some of the old Dutch masters seem vulgar and commonplace to many. Other subjects like the Crucifixion and the Entombment are so painful that many decline to contemplate them.

Painting, like literature, draws its materials from all conditions of life. The commonplace and the vulgar, the painful and the sad, are woven into the fabric of great art. If we will read nothing sad, we must forego the tragedies of Shakespeare; if we are superior to the commonplace, we shall have no pleasure in Dickens. So in painting, if we wish to learn to appreciate art, we will not let any aversion to the subject of a picture deter us from its study.

After the subject of the picture we must consider its aristocratic qualities. This is in fact the point at which the connoisseur begins his study. He cares little or nothing for what the painter has undertaken to represent; he is chiefly interested in the way he does his work. It is a matter of indifference to him whether

the portrait represents George Washington or King George III.; he is absorbed in the study of its colors, drawing, modeling, values, pose, and artistic character. Many of these matters are entire mysteries to the uninitiated, and there is a mistaken notion that only the artists can understand such things. The vernacular of the studio sounds like a foreign language. It is, of course, true that, as none can appreciate poetry like the poet, or music like the musician, so none can value painting like the painter. Nevertheless, it is entirely possible for the outsider to acquire a knowledge of certain fundamental principles of art which will open to him a whole world of delight in the enjoyment of pictures.

Take, for instance, the matter of linear composition. Ruskin has enumerated, in his "Elements of Drawing," a set of laws of composition which any intelligent reader can make his own. To trace these laws through the works of the old masters gives an entirely new sense of their greatness.

Composition may perhaps be clearly enough defined as the orderly way in which the materials of a picture are put together. The object is to make of many things one thing, to bring all the parts into a harmonious unity. In tracing the principal lines of a picture, we often find them forming a sort of a diagram which unites the parts in an orderly form. Raphael was fond of the pyramidal composition.

In considering the grouping in his Madonna pictures we are amazed at the skill with which all the figures are arranged within this diagram. It is on the same simple plan that he built his great Sistine altarpiece. Tracing the main lines of the picture, we draw the diamond or double pyramid and discover the secret of the beautiful unity and compactness of the composition.

In the perfect composition some one feature dominates the whole picture and the lines flow toward it as a focal point. Titian's "Assumption" and the Pesaro Madonna both become more interesting to us from a knowledge of this principle. We find ourselves following with delight the radiating lines in the cherub wreath supporting the Virgin of the "Assumption," noting how pointing arms and outstretched wings are so many tiny radii focussing upon the Virgin's face.

Repetition of line is another device of art to emphasize the force of a compositional motive. In Guido Reni's "Aurora" a succession of lovely curves may be noted running across the picture, which add to the effect of forward motion in the figures. By the law of contrast, a set of counter lines runs in the opposite direction.

In the study of composition we naturally learn something of drawing. Gradually we grow into an appreciation of the strong line as distinguished from the weak line, of the line which flows as distinguished from the line which halts. In the perfect drawing there is not one line which is unnecessary, not a stroke of the pencil which has not a definite significance in the total result. The poor drawing, on the other hand, is disfigured by experimental and meaningless lines. One may get at the difference by contrasting the grand simplicity of the drapery in the Sistine Madonna with the elaborate and complicated folds affected by Italian painters of a later period.

Light and shade make an exceedingly interesting part of the study of a picture. To find the center of light is naturally the first step in such study. In Correggio's "Notte" it is the center; in some of Rembrandt's works, it is at the side; in many of Millet's landscapes, as the "Angelus," it is in the background. From the highest light of a picture to its darkest shadow there is a long range of intermediate tones which, if delicately discriminated in true values, give tangible reality to the objects. If we learn to notice these care-

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fully, we shall make progress in our appreciation of the art of *chiaroscuro*.

Not to attempt any complete enumeration of the possible artistic qualities of a picture, enough has perhaps been said to suggest a field of study for any who are really in earnest. It is of the greatest importance to learn to be observing. Look carefully at a picture, then close the eyes and try to reproduce it before your mental vision. Do you know how the Sistine Madonna carries her babe? If not, you have failed to notice how mother and child are welded by the painter into a single figure. Can you recall the action of the hands in the figures at each side? If not, you have lost their full dramatic significance. Do you remember the fall of the draperies? If not, you have not understood the scheme of the composition. Look again, and this time longer, then test the memory once more with closed eyes, and see if any progress has been made. Such methods, simple and childish as they may seem, will not be beneath the consideration of anyone who is eager to learn.

Another practical help in the study of pictures is the comparison of one with another in corresponding points. Raphael, for instance, showed a delightful variety in the pose of the mother holding her babe. To run over a set of his Madonna pictures noticing this one point alone affords a valuable lesson in drawing. One can never afterwards feel so well satisfied with the way in which other masters have treated the subject.

We are not to suppose that our appreciation of a picture is at an end when we have analyzed all its artistic qualities. One element it has which eludes all analysis, and this is what the artists call "feeling." Though no one likes to undertake a definition of anything so subtle, we are perhaps somewhere near the truth in describing the "feeling" of a picture as the expression of the artist's personality in his work. It is that which lies back of and beyond the external qualities of the art, the ideal element supplied by the artist's imagination. The artistic qualities form, as it were, the body of the picture; but of more importance than the body is the life itself. A noble passage in Browning's poem of Andrea del Sarto expresses in an incomparable manner the difference between the art and the feeling of a picture. The "faultless painter" is comparing himself with Raphael, whose work, he says, is in some technical qualities, as in drawing and the like, inferior to his own. But there is something Raphael gives his pictures which del Sarto cannot imitate, and in despair he exclaims:

"All the play, the insight and the stretch,
Out of me, out of me!"

Borrowing Browning's phrase, we must acknowledge that the greatness of the Sistine Madonna lies less in its artistic qualities, noble as they are, than in the "insight and the stretch" of imagination of which it is the expression.

We have now considered the three elements of a picture in the order of their importance: the subject, the artistic quality, and the "feeling." It is plain that a picture may be uninteresting, even painful in subject, yet fine in artistic quality, or, conversely, that an attractive subject may be spoiled by poor workmanship. Again, a picture may have little to recommend it either in subject or art quality, and yet be worthy of admiration for its elevated feeling. Such are some of the works of the earliest Italian masters, the Madonna pictures by Cimabue and Duccio. Only rarely in the history of art has a picture been produced worthy of highest praise in every direction, subject, handling, and feeling uniting to make a perfect whole. The Sistine Madonna is, as we have seen, one of these rare pictures.

From the Booklovers Magazine.

WHY A GARDEN IS GOOD

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

ONCE there was a beautiful woman to whom her lover brought a great sheaf of long-stemmed roses. She caressed them and thanked him, but there came a tear into her eye. He asked her whether she was sad, and she explained the pity that things so beautiful as roses should be cut away from their stalks and forced to die before their time.

Cut flowers always express a pity that is no part of them—as orphan children do—the more beautiful, the more pitiful—or as the far flying blue-bill which we have brought down to die fluttering in the grass. Even the blooms of the conservatory, with all their fragrant profusion, remind one of children in a boarding school. They are not at home, in spite of their high spirits. They have broken the first of those ties which make life long and sweet. Some will be transplanted back to their native gardens; some, overnurtured, will sicken and fail; some, famished, will dwarf or perish soon. Some will go back to their old homes, to find a stone of some pavement marking the graves of their dead forbears, and then they must fare forth seeking some remote, new home.

There is in the daily contemplation of garden flowers a fascination of interest and affection that is almost as strong as, and much more spiritual than, the regard of animals. A subtle epitome of all life is here: infancy, hope, affection, knowledge, retrospection, decay and death. And, beneath all, the deathless yearning of the earth's maternity; above all, the fructifying radiance of the loving sun. The elemental evidences of God are all there, spoken without words, written without books. The man-flower and the maid-flower are there, dreaming and hoping for one another, telling their love stories in a mystical sign language, till a breeze, or a bee, or a bird has married them and made good the seed of another generation.

And there are some flowers who yield no seed, for that which is barren is not seed. Perhaps their fate placed them all in the shade, remote from any mate. Perhaps, conspicuous and bold, there was yet no honey in their hearts, so that the bee passed by them, and the humming bird passed by them, and the breeze missed them. Some of the bravest and some of the frailest will live on as beautiful as their finest neighbors, giving no sign of the emptiness of their hearts, but when their youth is gone with the season and spring has come again, no little ones will rise up about their feet, no lovers will wave at them, and they must go on being either very sad or very selfish for all their splendor.

I knew an old monk-gardener who was something of a botanist and more of a poet, and he built some very odd and beautiful beliefs out of his companionship with flowers. He claimed to know their characters as well as their sexes. I remember he had a dislike for clinging vines that gave no flowers. "They are the parasites which rise upon others," he would say. "They destroy as they rise, but yield nothing, no matter to what heights they climb."

Against these he had a great prejudice, though he was tolerant of flowering climbers, since these gave glorious blooms for the succor and support they took from others. He convinced me that flowers think, for one day, in the midst of a smooth lawn, he planted a vigorous parasite; and due northward from the sprout he drove a stake. In a few days the vine had started for that opportunity to cling and climb. In a week it was within an inch of its opportunity. Then the stake was planted at right angles from the climber's course, two feet away towards the east. Again the parasite changed its course and fared slowly but straightly for the stake. No matter which way he moved it, onward came the creeping climber till at

last he left it and the vine mounted it triumphantly to the top.

The bee he said was the best match-maker, because he never visited the honeyless blooms, and so never carried the pregnant pollen of the loveless into the bosom of another.

"Honey is love," he would say, laughing at the long-pondered conceit. "It comes from the earth, the sun and the rain. That which rises from the soil is unselfishness, because the earth gives back all and more than is put into it; the sun is the passion which warms and directs; rain drops are the tears, the grief of nature, the evidence of sorrow endured, without which there can be neither love nor honey."

Probably his science is better than his fancy, but they fit well together, and I know there was never a better-tended garden, nor one where the seed was more prolific or the flowers more beautiful.



A SONG OF SACRIFICE

BY WILLIAM THORP.

I may not tell you of the love I cherish;
You may not tell me all your lips would say.
We meet in crowds, our riven hearts safeguarding
Their burning love beneath a mask of clay.

For you are his, and not a look shall sully
The lily fragrance of your pure, white soul,
If love were all! But no. Love could not pay you,
Full tale of sterling measure, what is stole.



THE ARISTOCRAT'S PASSING

BY ELIZABETH DUER

THE American aristocrat is passing; he is yielding place to the rich man. As a personage, he is becoming as rare as the platypus, that connecting link between the slow-moving and the flying, and, like the strange quadruped, must be considered as a survival. His prestige has been taken from him by the new-born child of to-day, the plutocrat, a modern production, whose past seems to concern no one, and whose future is still a riddle, but whose present is regarded by the outside world with amazement, respect and envy.

The simple truth is, that the aristocrat has passed his usefulness. He still has representatives, descendants of the country's great men; but the days when he could do great deeds are over; for present emergencies, he lacks adaptability. At the time of the Revolution, we needed brave and intelligent gentlemen. These we found in our aristocratic class, and, remembering their achievements, we are too apt to assume that qualities such as theirs are the only ones that can make their mark. It is true, these distinguished patriots made the country, but it is the plutocrat who is developing it; it is he who now embodies its necessities. Not only our worship of money has given him his supremacy, but our recognition of his services—perhaps, too, our Yankee reverence for brains. We are proud of him as the exponent of National ability, and inclined to the belief that the same business capacity lurks in us all, only waiting the golden moment of opportunity to place us by his side. Moreover, example upon example has shown that the intelligence that amassed a princely fortune produces also a fairly respectable prince, enormously receptive in culture, generous and magnificent. What wonder that society is willing to be represented by such a one, even though he may fail to conform to old-fashioned standards in minor particulars! There is no question of making the best of him; he has made such a good best of himself, that even we of an older generation like him as well

as the original article, the aristocrat, whose claims are hard to define in plain speech, but whose departing charm is still fraught with romance. To elucidate this charm, and to understand the class that is vanishing, we must go back to the early days of the Republic, when we were still virtually English.

The Revolution, in giving us a separate nationality, had not destroyed time-honored traditions. Our manners and customs were English, bred in the bone; our point of view that of the Mother Country. Freedom and equality were political terms that no one dreamed of applying to social life. What gave position at that time was inherited distinction. Its possession was free from self-consciousness—simply an advantage of birth, which that Providence who had always shown an affinity to hierarchies, saw fit to bestow on a favored class. The community was divided by the grace of God into gentlemen—and others; perhaps it would be more exact to say, to gentlemen, their servants and others. The privacy of these gentlemen concerned themselves only; there were no "social happenings" heralded in their newspapers to force notoriety upon family life. How it would have astonished those early aristocrats, if they could have anticipated the fictitious importance later days would attach to their privileges.

Perhaps, in theory, the newly rich may smile at the claims of long descent, but, in practice, they seem surprisingly willing to court the class tradition has placed above them; indeed, such association is usually the crowning glory of their success.

"With a great price obtained I this freedom," the modern centurion of plutocracy exclaims, and the aristocrat might well reply, "But I was born free." The right to take rank among his peers underlies his whole attitude toward life. He neither over-estimates the position of others, nor distrusts his own fitness. His place in life is inalienably his own, unless forfeited by conduct unbecoming a gentleman. How few lapses there were among the old gentry from their high estate is greatly to their credit. Now and then, a rumor comes down through the past century that some ancestor of a historic family had been under a cloud, but his misdeeds were spoken of with dignified reserve, and his children reinstated in the position their progenitor had disgraced. Class feeling did much toward preserving the prestige of our old families. There was among them a sense of mutual obligation and interdependence that would seem quite at variance with the individual life of to-day. Undoubtedly, the narrow limits of the upper class were responsible for the closeness of its affiliations. You can hardly trace back four generations in any family tree, without coming upon a network of relationship and intermarriage that makes the whole order kin. Proud and exclusive, in spite of the simplicity that marked their life, the doors of these aristocrats were seldom open to the invasion of outsiders. They needed no reinforcements from the ranks below, and families did not die out in those vigorous times. Each patrician dame presented her liege lord with at least a dozen little representatives, and neither bemoaned the inconvenience nor feared for their future welfare.

The mission of the girls was to marry within their own class, while the boys were brought up to be useful, self-supporting citizens. Idleness was not encouraged, for the family fortune, no matter how ample, ceased to merit the name when divided among twelve. The sort of shiftlessness which, nowadays, contents itself with an income barely sufficient to pay club dues, and to board a polo pony, was unheard of; a gentleman owed more than that to himself.

Not being cursed with the laws of primogeniture, each child had an equal place and an equal share; and, if there happened to be a black sheep in the flock, there were plenty of worthy sons left to carry on the

name. It is hardly too much to affirm that the passing of our aristocracy is coincident with the passing of the large family.

The old-time gentlefolk were careful as to ways and means in getting rich, and chose their professions among such as were thought to become persons of position. The church, the law and medicine were considered pre-eminently respectable—with a slight partiality toward the law. Banking and shipping were tolerated; while the army and navy boasted the best blood in the land. To be a broker of any kind was deplored, and retail trade was a positive bar to social recognition. The arts were mistrusted. A son who thumped a piano, or scraped the fiddle, could hardly come to much good, and a painter had to attain success before he met with much sympathy. An architect was more kindly judged, because his fancy was bound by utility; but the one only genius positively admired was the literary man. Our old American aristocracy respected letters.

As the money came by slow and time-honored channels, great fortunes were made, and the contrasts in expenditure, among those in the social plane, were by no means noticeable. Now, hospitality has become a fine art, and to return entertainments of lavish magnificence with the simple resources of an ordinary establishment requires a courage and self-respect of no mean order.

Naturally, it was the women, then as now, who gave society its tone, and their characters were a strange conglomeration of the high-minded and the petty. Their experience was usually confined to their own narrow circle—not cosmopolitan, as at present—and, consequently, full of traditional prejudice. But the Revolutionary women had been bred in a school of great events, and under the ennobling pressure of personal interest, in a struggle which demanded the sacrifice of all that was dearest, and the result was an elevation of character that persisted through several generations. To this was added an executive ability in household economics little understood to-day.

Up to the middle of the last century, domestic comfort lay largely with the lady of the house. It was on her intelligence—what Mrs. Stowe calls her "faculty"—brought to bear upon home administration, that the family welfare depended. Housekeeping was a business necessitating an especial training, which passed from mother to daughter. Entertaining meant an amount of preparation, on the part of the hostess that most modern women would shrink from facing. To keep a dozen children in order, to oversee the manufacture of half the things now found at the grocer's, to wash up the fine breakfast cups, and to superintend the family sewing—all entered into the daily life of the first ladies of the land. They took their reading seriously, and formed their literary taste upon Pope and Addison, and dipped deep into the well of English undefiled. As novels came more into fashion, they delighted in Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen, and then in Scott. Their minds were not sullied by a polyglot impression of sensuality in half the different languages of Europe, and if the restriction of their reading made them narrow and unsympathetic, and less able to deal justly with the facts of life, it gave their minds a purity which many might covet to-day. Our present familiarity with vice has made us somewhat callous to its "hideous mien." Our grandmothers actually preferred decent behavior, even in books.

These strong-minded old ladies knew exceedingly well what they would tolerate, and what was offensive. A certain formality was preserved, even in the family circle. Children and servants were taught to submit to discipline. The habit of command, so large a factor in the dignity of the best manners, was of necessity fostered. The heads of the house made

themselves respected; their authority was law, and they exacted a kind of home etiquette now fast disappearing from the land.

The young people were not allowed to run up intimacies where their parents did not visit. Such terms as "high-bred" and "vulgar," "well-born" and "common," were applied with a plain directness of speech that we of to-day would find brutal—or, worse—impolitic. We have had a vision since then as of a great sheet let down by the four corners, wherein is a fine assemblage of all sorts and conditions of rich men, and the message added, "What gold has cleansed, that call not thou common."

Alack and alas! the melancholy truth is that gold does cleanse; it eliminates a whole class of mean motives and self-deceptions which beset the noblest when fortune is ebbing, and pride is brought low. As for the fortunes of our old American gentry, a large portion of them ebbed with the Civil War. In the South, there was annihilation of property; in the North, long-existing depression, and out of the general disaster rose the first plutocrats. Then, we called these sudden riches *shoddy*, and looked askance at the possessor; but, in many cases, the money was honestly made in supplying the needs of Government at a critical time, and not, as the name implied, by carrying out contracts in the cheapest way.

Still, even thirty years ago, the newly rich were not welcomed, as now; a probation was required, possibly a marriage into one of the old families, which would stand sponsor for the aspirant for social recognition. Some questions were asked as to how he came by his money. We felt an interest in the means, as well as the result. Now, we want to be sure that he is rich enough to make his recognition worth while; and, then, we trust to luck that he is going to turn out the good fellow we would fain believe him.

After all, in judging ourselves and others, we must remember that it is not so much the men who make the times, as the times that make the men. We attribute to plutocratic influence a host of modern sins, which, in reality, are the outcome of an age of pressure. The haste to get rich, the craze for luxury, the mad rush for amusement, may be crying evils, but only because of their excess; a modified greed would be a healthy ambition. But there is a spirit of unrest in the air. We seem in the toils of some great mechanical phantom that is revolutionizing our ideas, even to the minutest details of living. So many things have been brought within our reach that we want to grasp them all. It is the bottled-up thrift and parsimony of our ancestors revenging itself—their own qualities become wanton. All processes of maturing by time are thrown out, and science is called in to replace Nature.

Our only motto seems to be,

"If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly."

Whether it is centrifugal cream, or incubator babies, or the gentleman made out of the office boy, well made or ill, it is all one to us; any device to save time and labor is acceptable. Sometimes, Nature hits back, and lays us low with nervous prostration. She does not pretend to adapt herself to new conditions in a day.

To accommodate ourselves to this whirl, we ought to have a new nervous system, and, certainly, a new stomach—a new digestion—mental and physical, to take in the necessary reading and business and travel, the chemically preserved foods and adulterated drinks we are expected to assimilate. Perhaps, the next generation may find the equipment; but to those unfortunates who, like the aristocrat, are nearing their goal, the age seems overstrained to the breaking point. It would be pleasant to go back to a time when the reward of effort was leisure, rather than fresh oppor-

tunity for more exertion. It would even be pleasant to go back to old-time hospitality, and escape the stereotyped perfection of a chef's menu; to warm our blood with a little good port or old Madeira, instead of merely loosening our tongues with the inevitable champagne; once more to see the table stripped to its polished mahogany at the end of dinner, and the desert set out on its mirror-like surface. We would even listen patiently to the gossip of our host about the different decanters of Madeira making their slow round in their silver coasters, each with its name tied to its neck—"Wanderer," or "Eclipse," or "Juno"—usually christened by the vessel that brought it; and we should forbear to smile at the economy that withheld fresh wine-glasses, but furnished finger bowls with two lips, in which a pair of wine-glasses could be washed and cooled at the same time. A very keen taste belonged to the past generations—a taste unvitiated by too much tobacco and cocktails and whiskey; ancestral excesses found revenge in gout, pure and simple, rather than premature senility. There seems a patriarchal, if reprehensible, simplicity in importing your own wine, and liking it a little too well, like Noah planting his vine, and falling a victim to his own vintage. Then, too, there was something deliberate and respectable in laying it down in your cellar forty years before you meant to drink it, and passing it on to your children after you.

Then, it was distinguished to be deliberate; the highest class was truly a leisure class. Now, the greater the man, the more overwhelming his affairs. No day-laborer is more pressed for time than our plutocrat. It is the one only thing he is unwilling to give his friends. The door of his house is guarded by a colossus in livery, to say, "Not at 'ome," with haughty grace, and the privacy of his business sanctum is confided to the keeping of a phalanx of office-boys, the youngest of whom is capable of asking the King of England to state his business before submitting his card. The reason for all this is sufficiently patent; but it is not agreeable to play the part of peri at the gates of paradise.

Modern custom sanctions much that an older courtesy would have found insufferable. It would have been thought vulgar to obtrude business methods into private life; to answer a personal letter by dictation to a typewriter, or to invite your friends to dinner by an exchange of messages over the telephone between your butler and theirs. We are willing to concede the common-sense of such practices, but we must consider them, to say the least, inelegant. It is impossible not to regret the loss of breeding that is passing with the aristocrat; but, if we can save something of his picturesqueness and dignity and chivalrous bearing, to soften the harsh utilitarianism of to-day, he will not have lived in vain.

It is easier to lament the past than to appreciate the present, unless you happen still to be in the rush and whirl of current events. Looking backward is a process apt to gild the days that are no more with sunset glories.

There was a deep knowledge of human nature in the old Greek myth of the Graiae, the three gray sisters, who were always singing their melancholy song of why the old times were better than the new, and getting their only view of life through one solitary eye that occasionally they interchanged among them. I am afraid the picture is only too accurate of all the gray heads and gray beards since the world began. They are, in reality, scolding the times for the loss of their own youth. Ah, well! "Old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine," are best for old people who have not the spring and power of adaptation to conform themselves to new; but, to those few whose imaginations are still aflame, and whose hearts are still

in touch with young life, the promise of the future spreads out fair.

From the Smart Set.



THE MASSACRE

BY MAXIM GORKY.

IT was a hot day in June some fifteen years ago. I was working in a certain town on the Volga, at the wharf from the early morning, pitching a raft. Dinner time was nearing when, suddenly, somewhere in the village behind me, a dull, angry noise resounded, as if hungry bulls were roaring.

I, too, was hungry, and wanted to finish my work as soon as possible, and therefore I paid at first no attention to the distant sound, which grew louder and louder every moment, even as smoke grows in the beginning of a fire.

A heavy cloud of dust hung in the hot air over the village. I looked towards the village, and it seemed to me that I could hear many-voiced sounds filling the air, rising from the ground together with the dust. The dust became ever thicker and thicker, the sounds louder and more varied, the atmosphere trembled, and together with it my heart beat quickly, foreboding evil.

Leaving my work, I walked up the sandy bank, and saw people jumping out from the gates of the houses, running along the street, into the depth of the village; dogs and children were running after them; frightened pigeons soared over their heads, and hens were swarming about at their feet. Carried away by the general confusion, I also started to run.

"They're fighting on Elizavetskaya!" shouted some one.

A drayman on horseback was hurrying along the unpaved street towards the running crowd, furiously lashing his horse with the reins. He kept shouting at the top of his voice:

"They're beating our people!"

I turned into the narrow side street and stopped. A mass of people filled the side street with their bodies so tightly wedged that it looked like a sack filled with grain. In front of us, far away, people roared and yelled, window panes were rattling, heavy blows smote the air; something was cracking and falling; one sound drowned another, even as the autumn clouds cover one another, and the noise hung in the air like a storm cloud.

"They're killing the Jews!" said a clean-looking little old man, with a ring of satisfaction in his voice. He firmly rubbed his small, thin hands, and added:

"It serves them right!"

I advanced towards the noise, obeying its irritating power of attraction. I was not the only one thus attracted; the terrible noise attracted everybody, absorbed everybody like a swamp. The faces of the people bespoke violent, dull rage; their eyes flashed greedily; the entire crowd moved forward in a close, heavy mass, ready to break the walls and fences which pressed them together; each was ready to knock down the man in front of him, to walk over his body, to trample it.

I rushed into the yard of one of the houses on the side street, jumped across the fence into another yard, then again and again; and I found myself once more in the midst of a big crowd. It filled the yard of a large stone house—the crowd seemed to seethe in the narrow yard, as if the ground under their feet were quaking. As if possessed by evil spirits, they roared, their heads lifted upwards, their faces red, their teeth flashing in their open mouths. They flourished their hands; they kept jostling one another; they climbed to the roofs of the neighboring houses; they fell,

and climbed again. And, notwithstanding the variety of the movements of each person, there was something common in all; each person became a member of one huge body, animated by one and the same mighty power.

High above this raging crowd on the roof of the house by the chimney stood a thin, tall Jew. He tore bricks from the chimney with his fingers, and hurling them down, kept crying in a shrill voice which sounded like the screaming of a sea-gull. His long, gray beard quivered on his breast, and his white trousers were covered with red stains.

The crowd below shouted to him, madly: "Shoot him!" "Bring the gun!" "Hit him with stones!" Through the windows of the house dark figures were seen walking hither and thither, breaking the window frames and throwing things into the yard. The window panes rattled and creaked. Now a broad-faced, shaggy fellow brought a looking-glass over to the window, thrust it out and shouted: "Eh, look out there!" And the mirror, reflecting the rays of the sun, fell to the ground. The fellow thrust out his head. His broad face bore an expression of grief and seriousness, but not of wrath. At the other window appeared a black-bearded peasant with a pillow in his hands. He tore it open, and a white cloud of feathers filled the air.

"It's snowing; see that your noses don't freeze, fellows!" shouted the peasant, looking at the white feathers falling upon the heads of the crowd.

And in the yard they roared: "Come here! I've found the little Jews in a barrel!"

"Hit them!"

"Hit their heads against the wall!"

"Eh, you old Jew! Come down; we've found your grandchildren."

"Get off the roof, or we'll kill your family."

The shrill cry of a child smote the air; it was a terrible sound; it flashed like lightning amidst the roaring of the mob. And the roaring of the mob calmed down a little.

"Don't touch them!" shouted some one.

"Don't touch the children!"

"Hit the grown-up Jews!"

The cry of a child was heard again; shrill and loud, it pierced the heart and drowned all other sounds.

"Oh, devil!" some one shouted wildly, his voice rising above the noise of the crowd.

"Did you hit him on the head?"

"I struck his legs."

"That's clever, old devil!"

"Antip! Let us knock down that Jew!"

Two tall porters, jostling the crowd apart, walked over to the by-works near the house and climbed to the roof. Meanwhile the serious-looking, red-faced fellow appeared in one of the windows. He was trying to push through the window a cupboard or a box, and he shouted down: "Hey! here come the dishes!"

The box was too large to pass through the window, so the fellow pulled it back towards himself, disappeared for a minute, then again appeared at the window and howled like a wolf: "Look out there!" A heap of plates was thrown from the window, then a samovar flashed in the air. The people below ran away on all sides, covering their heads with their hands, and giggling at the top of their voices. A stout, red-headed fellow seized the samovar from the ground, lifted it high over his head, then again flung it to the ground and began to trample it under his feet.

A superhuman sob suddenly broke forth on the roof. All lifted their heads upwards. Some large object appeared at the edge of the roof, quivering

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in the air for a few seconds, then it screamed, howled and sank down. A soft, disgusting dash resounded. I rushed away from the yard, and as I ran I was followed by a wild roaring of triumph:

"A-a-h! A-ha! We knocked him down at last."

On the street people were breaking chairs, tables, trunks, tearing clothing, amidst peals of laughter. The air was filled with feathers. Pillows, baskets, furniture, rags—all was thrown from the windows of the two houses to the feet of the mob, and the mob, mad-dence with the desire to destroy, seized all these things, tore and smashed them to pieces. Two dishevelled women, red-faced and perspiring, firmly grasped a certain box and pulled it each to herself.

They shouted, feathers and down were flying about their heads; their mouths were open, but their voices were drowned by the howling and roaring of the crowd, and by the cries of horror that came from the windows of the houses.

A tall peasant walked past me, bareheaded, in a torn shirt. His hair was dishevelled; his dirty face was covered here and there with thick, almost black blood. He waved his hands, and smiled—it was the dull, contented smile of a well-fed beast. Now he walked over to the lamp-post, embraced it, and began to shake it, leaning against it with his broad chest. The lamp fell to the ground.

"Break it!" cried another peasant, running up to the lamp-post. He too embraced it, and began to shake it.

At that moment a girl in a torn dress, with her hair loose, rushed out from amidst the crowd, like a pigeon in a cloud of smoke. She ran, her head lifted heavenward, her face pale and her eyes large.

"Hit the Jewess!" roared some one. And the girl disappeared in the crowd like a bit of sugar under a heap of flies.

A sort of dark gruel of human bodies began to mool, as it were, over her; fists flashed in the air; voluptuous groaning and soft dashes were heard. Cynical jokes, abuses, serpentine hissing—all mingled into one malignant sound.

"Get away; clear out! Zelman is coming!"

This came from a crowd which was dragging something along the street. They dragged a man, or the body of a man—a half-clad, thin body, crushed

and disfigured, all covered with blood and with mud. Having tied Zelman's foot with ropes, the crowd was dragging him along the street, and a wide strip of blood remained behind him. His thin, long hands bathed in the blood, and his disfigured, bleeding head kept striking against the stones. Zelman had been a wealthy contractor. I had often seen him alive, but that which I saw did not resemble him; it did not even resemble a human being at all.

Stupefied by all that was going on about me, choking with dust, I tossed about in the crowd (like a reed in a stream, and I regarded everything as a terrible nightmare. There on the rain-pipe hung a white skirt, high above the ground, and an old woman, rising on tip-toe, was trying to get it with her bony, dark hand. Beside her stood a bearded porter, putting a velvet cap on his head. Boys swarmed about hither and thither, picking up pieces of looking-glass, and some of them jumped, trying to catch feathers in the air.

There ran a policeman, waving his sheathed sword; he was jeered by the crowd.

"Catch him!" shouted some one. "Catch him!" Some one threw a broken box before him, and the policeman tumbled over it and sank to the ground. Loud peals of laughter filled the air.

Glancing at the ground, I noticed a piece of blood-covered skin with a bunch of hair upon it.

"Hey! Come here!" cried the crowd in the yard; and a mob poured towards the gates like a heavy wave. The mob grunted, howled, roared.

"Hit them! Hit them!"

Some people were now breaking the wall between the windows of the second story of the house. Bricks, lime, white dust were falling to the ground. A tray was flung out from the window; it whirled in the air and finally fell on the head of a certain stout woman. The woman sank down with a scream.

"The Cossacks!"

"Run!"

"The Cossacks are coming!"

Horses appeared in the side street, the blue caps of the Cossacks were seen, whips flashed in the air, and a loud voice commanded

"Three in a line—full trot—march."

A heap of bricks fell to the sidewalk. The wall was broken through.

The people were running under the blows of the scourge and the horses—running like a herd of lambs, foolishly, blindly. They could have hidden in the yard; they could have jumped over the fences; but they all ran along the side street, holding out their heads, their backs, and shoulders for blows of the whips. One powerful, shaggy porter suddenly turned around and struck one of the horses a heavy blow on the jaw, and then disappeared among the Cossacks. And just where he disappeared, whips kept flashing through the air for a long time. The Cossacks rode on, side by side, like a thick wall, and the crowd kept running before them, jostling one another.

"Hit the Cossacks with bricks!" cried some one. Suddenly a half-clad woman, bathed in blood, fell before the hoofs of the horses. She appeared, no one knew whence; she clasped the foot of the first Cossack and clung to it with a sob.

"Run!"

"Hold on!"

"Hit the Cossacks!"

The crowd roared, and ran on like a stream down a mountain. The dull tramping of footsteps smote the air, intensified by the hoofs striking against the stones. The horses could hardly move amid the broken pieces of furniture and the rags which covered the street. The horses pranced. The mob, too, stopped, turning towards the Cossacks.

"Quick! Quick!"

The mob roared and waited. But from the rear, at the other end of the street, policemen and Cossacks on foot came hastening along. Then the mob began to jump over fences, running into yards, and the Cossacks ran after them and caught them. A few minutes before these people were beasts, mercilessly and senselessly beating and killing people just as unfortunate as they themselves, and now these beasts were only cowards; they, too, were beaten mercilessly and senselessly, and they ran from the blows like shameful cowards.

In the evening of that day, as I passed the square, by the pickets of the Cossacks, I heard one Cossack say to another: "Fourteen Jews were torn to pieces." And the other smoked his pipe, and said nothing in reply to his comrade's words.

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NEW BOOKS

Edna Worthley Underwood and William Hamilton Cline, well and favorably known litterateurs of Kansas City, Mo., are entitled to the thanks of the American reading world for having translated into elegant English three of the best short stories of Nicolai Gogol, the great Russian novelist, "The Fair of Sorotchinetz," "An Evening in May," and "Midsummer Evening." The book containing the translations is entitled "Evenings in Little Russia," and has a preface by Gogol and an explanatory foreword by the able translators. Gogol was a powerful writer of remarkable originality. He was a friend of Pushkin, and extremely eccentric and moody. His nature was distinctly Slavonic, broodingly melancholy and extremely sensitive. For years, he led the life of a nomad. Towards the end of his earthly career a mysterious religiosity seized upon him, and finally beclouded his restless brain. There is much in his writings that reminds one of the stories of his modern successor, Maxim Gorky. Many consider Gogol to have been the founder of the present school of prose-writing in Russia. The little volume should find a place in the library of every literary connoisseur. It is a classic of its kind. It is gotten up in neatly artistic form. William S. Lord, Evanston, Ill., is the publisher.

A most readable book is "Walks in New England," by Charles Goodrich Whiting. It betrays an intense love of Nature, a poetic understanding of her workings, and a firm grasp of the eternal truths which underlie all life and its manifestations. Mr. Whiting writes with charming clearness. The most common-place things he invests with the metamorphosing garment of fancy. He loves the trees and the flowers, the brooks and the fields, the mountains and the dales, the forests and the meadows. He sees beauty and purpose and usefulness in everything. He deeply sympathizes with the inhabitants of the realms of Nature. Withal, he is deeply religious. He sees the hand of God in the visible world. "The gospel of God," we read, on page 60, "is published abroad upon the mountain tops and down the valleys, so far as the sun has shone to unlock the voices of the waters and the birds, and to stir the pulses of growth in the earth. Many a long and dreary day of gray forbiddance we went through, with rebellion and discouragement, while the rains prepare the ground and the north winds restrain the buds from premature ventures. This is the trial of our faith, which in the natural as in the spiritual life worketh patience, that after these may come experience and hope." Lovers of Nature will find the volume under review to their liking. It is something that deserves a place in their library. It comes to the reader like an invigorating whiff from the wooded mountain slopes. There are many excellent illustrations in this book, including a photograph of the author. Binding and printing merit special commendation. John Lane, New York, is the publisher.

Edward Robeson Taylor is the author of a small volume of verse that is of unquestionable merit, teeming with lofty thought and feeling, and strongly suggestive of that tone of poetry which reminds us of the ancient words: "Sunt lacrimae rerum." It is stimulative, vigorous and poignantly modern verse which Dr. Taylor has given us. It has the genuine poetic ring, and never sinks to the commonplace and trivial. His lines intimate his appreciation of the littleness of human life and aspiration, and his awe of the mystery of human fate. This is not Dr. Robeson's first effort in poetry. He is the author of several books under the titles of "Moods and Other Verses," "Sonnets of Jose-Marie de Heredia; Rendered Into Eng-

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lish," and "Into the Light." The last-named is, probably, the most noteworthy of his productions. The volume under review is neatly bound and printed. —Published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, Cal. Price, \$1.25.

"Because of Power," by Ella Stryker Mapes, is a love-story that is of a little more than passing interest. It is somewhat out of the ordinary run of banality in modern fiction. The author tells a real tale, and tells it well. There is a plenitude of passion in it. "Marita" and "Grant Hamilton," the heroine and hero, are well-depicted characters. They live and love strongly. They have characteristics which endear them to us, and which invest the tale with that essential vicissitude which appeals to the ordinary reader's imagination. The story is not what one might call remarkable, it is simply interesting. It compares well with the better class of ephemeral productions of this kind. The book is neatly bound, printed and illustrated. Published by G. W. Dillingham Co., New York.

The June number of that valuable monthly magazine, "Current Literature," contains a well-selected spread of political, sociological, religious, scientific, artistic and purely literary matter. In the sociologic department, we note articles of timely interest on "Economic Insecurity," "What the Servant Sells," and "Municipalism in England." We also note an authoritative discussion of "The National Theater," and critical comment on "Irving as Dante." "Current Literature" keeps well up to the front of periodical literature. The Current Literature Publishing Co., New York.

"The Philadelphians," by Katherine Bingham, is a pleasant little love-story of the ordinary kind. It propounds and solves no problems; in sentiment, it is inoffensive; in plot, it is neither original nor startling. It is just a "nice" tale of love, containing an abundance of affectionate passages and happenings, and ending in a most proper and most satisfactory manner, that is, in the union of two young hearts. It furnishes the right sort of a few hours' entertainment during the warm days of summer. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

Readers fond of the humorous in literature will find something to their liking in the "Autobiography of a Beggar," by I. K. Friedman. The book is not pretentious, and for this very reason apt to make a hit. It bubbles over with wit, and is written in that sort of style which never fails to appeal to our sense of the fantastically ludicrous. It is published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

SAFE IN ANY PORT

There was an old sailor of Crete
Whose peg legs propelled him quite neat,
"Strong liquor," he said,
"Never goes to my head,
And I know it can't go to my feet."
—Princeton Tiger.

"I dreamed I went through hell, and saw as many strange things as Thespis, but many of them have escaped my mind."

"What was the strangest thing you saw; what most impressed you?"

"Why, the number of my old friends down there who were waiting for new trials."—N. Y. Press.

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THE NEW MAN

BY HARRY COWELL

The new woman, at least as the subject-matter of an essay, is now uninterestingly old. Not so the new man. He, even Solomon himself would be forced to admit, is something novel under the sun. Like the theory of evolution and other characteristically nineteenth century products, he may have long existed in embryo; but never until our day has he come to self-consciousness and a knowledge of his own significance.

Essentially modern in his method of settling, by means of sexual selection, the question of woman's equality, choosing her to be his equal, seeking as he does a mate not merely for the animal part but for the whole of him, his passion waiting upon spiritual appreciation, transfigured by far-reaching affinities; reluctant as he is that his truest and best and most human self—his mental and moral and aesthetic self; his spiritual self, in short—should live in lonely bachelorhood and die desolate, his body alone being benedict.

The new man is not the male counterpart of the "new woman" of petty literature; not being created by compensating Nature for the express purpose of undertaking the home duties left undone by the emancipated female. He is rather the long-looked-for mate of the "Eternal

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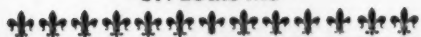
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Womanly," the whole man a mate for the whole woman.

How common partial marriages have been in the past, or are at present, no man knows, for many a woman keeps well the secret that is killing her. Certain it is, however, that countless women have married, been so-called wives, and mothers, and yet have died veritable virgins, their heart's husbandless to the last.

Now man is, in many important particulars, like to the lower animals; but with divine differences. The new man has come, after the lapse of tragic centuries, as a response to the demand of woman that she be the adored of these differences. Woman longs to be mate, not merely to what in man is like to the lower animals, but also to what is unlike.

Much that passes with men as love is really nothing better than a more or less unlovely desire for exclusive personal possession. Into the love of the new man animal passion in its simple state cannot enter. It of necessity undergoes a transformation, a sublimation, entering only as a component part of a highly complex emotion which includes distinctly, or mainly, human feelings, artistic, ethical, religious, and other. And this emotion is of a higher order than to be this emotion when reduced to its elements (its lowest terms) even as water ceases to be water when resolved back into its original hydrogen and oxygen. On the part of such a man a purely animal passion for a woman is a spiritual impossibility. Moreover, it is as a matter of fact physically impossible for him to be guilty of cheap liaisons. He has imagination, insight, and the idea of to-morrow's disgust is ever vivid enough to dissipate to-day's passion, should that in an atavistic moment obtrude itself; the light of knowledge lays the ghost of ancestral sins. The man is a blend, and loves as a whole, to the last, least atom; he is not susceptible of any vile self-division into animal and human, by means of which the body finds an affinity, while the soul, loveless and lonely, cheated of its kisses, retires into its most sacred self—in confusion lest it should unavoidably be present at another's lovemaking. To the new man such rank dualism is insufferable. If indeed he be made up of various selves, animal and spiritual and what not, at least they are inseparable. Mortal and immortal, inextricably mingled, in a miracle of monism, must together experience the ecstasies of love.

When a woman wins this new man as a husband, she does not necessarily lose him as a lover. For he knows that in love by no possibility may a privilege pass into a right. With a wise gallantry he gives the woman back to herself again with gladness. Nor is he ignorant of how much in marriage men miss through ignorance; nor of the truth that ultimately a man can get nothing but what he deserves. So he sets about making himself love-worthy. He is not content to have a corpse to wife, or, still worse, a corpse galvanized by the will into a semblance of life. The thought of a woman's soul shrinking at his approach into inaccessible retreats his soul cannot abide. He believes that where the heart is not, there the body should not be. The wife who is a mere mistress in whose behalf a man has made in advance the amend honorable, he will have none of. Having read Goethe's "Elective Affinities," or being on his own account conversant with the constitution of hidden things, he does not forget the fact that, appearances to the contrary, a wife's spirit may be elsewhere than in her husband's encircling arms.

The new man, far from demanding of woman immoral self-sacrifices in his favor, will not wittingly accept of gifts unless the heart goes with them. Should some dear woman whose delight in him is dead, deceiving him through mistaken kindness of heart or a false sense of duty, kiss him with averted soul, leave her person to his pleasure and herself

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(Cut this out.)

free, she will be but putting herself in the way of his resentment rather than of his gratitude. For to the new man's mind caresses should never be other than the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual emotion; and he is loath to lend himself to an embrace that is a lie.

Although knowing full well that women are moved through the imagination, that their "affairs" are almost invariably affaires du coeur—for this particular man—and not, as very frequently with men, affaires du corps—for woman in general—the new man none the less naturally makes love to the soul of his mate, seeks to be the husband of her heart, saying in the fine words of Stephen Phillips, "I love thee then Not only for thy body backed with all the sweet of this world, . . . but Because Infinity upon thee broods; And thou art full of whispers and of shadows." How beautiful that "but" is, how beautiful, how new! And having thus sought first that kingdom of heaven, a woman's heart, all the things which in love a man may have need of are abundantly added unto him.

His it is to remove the stigma in this

once consummate summing-up of this kind made by Mademoiselle de Maupin: "They are not monsters, if you will, but something, on my word, that is much worse! They are capital fellows of very jovial disposition, who eat and drink well, will do all kinds of services, are good painters and musicians, and are suitable for a thousand things, with, however, the single exception of that one for which they were created, namely, to be the male of the animal called woman, with which they have not the slightest affinity, physical or moral."

In the new man woman for the first time finds moral and physical affinity, and a freedom from a bondage in which ten thousand hearts have been abominably broken. In this freedom will bloom in its full beauty the flower of new womanhood.—From Town Talk.



THE USEFUL EGG

An egg is a wonderful thing. When it is fresh it may be poached, and when it isn't it may be used for the purpose of theatrical criticism. And the older it is the more potent it is as an expression of opinion.—New York Sun.

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SOCIETY

The "rose" month of the year brings several smart weddings, although they are fewer than in former years. Fashion decrees that autumn and winter months, with their honeymoon journeys to the balmy climes of the South and California, are more correct for the display of swagger wedding clothes and trousseau fineries, than an uncertain June day that may be full of sweltering sunshine or discomfiting thunder showers.

Tuesday, June 2, was the wedding day of Miss Grace Shands and Mr. Edward Joy, of Old Orchard. The ceremony took place in Emmanuel Church. Miss Bessie Joy served as maid of honor and Mr. Claire Shands as best man. Misses Maude Chamberlain and Jeanie Whittemore were bridesmaids and Mr. Matt Chestnut and Mr. Milo Shands acted as groomsmen. A reception was given at the home of the bride.

The marriage of Dr. Selden Spencer and Miss Mabel Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Williams, of 60 West Eighty-Second street, New York, was the Wednesday nuptial event of interest to St. Louisans. After a short wedding journey, Dr. Spencer will bring his bride to St. Louis.

Another Wednesday wedding was that of Miss Nellie March and Mr. Herbert Kohler. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. March, of Maplewood. A large reception preceded the departure

of Mr. and Mrs. Kohler for their wedding journey.

The three prettiest brides of June, Miss Daisy Aull, Miss Barbare Blackman and Miss Myrle Kauffman, are being smartly entertained prior to their wedding days.

Mr. Duncan Dean, one of the groomsmen, will entertain the Duncan-Aull bridal party with a dinner at his home to-morrow evening. Mrs. H. M. Meier gives them a dinner at the Country Club to-night, and next Tuesday evening, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Duncan will entertain with a dinner. In these entertainments several members of the Hill-Kauffman bridal party are included.

Mrs. James Lawrence Blair entertained the members of the Morning Choral with a garden party last Friday, which, on account of the rain, was turned into a delightful house party. Airdrie, Mrs. Blair's home, was decked with honeysuckles from the gardens and transformed into a bower of fragrance and beauty, from garret to cellar.

The wedding of Miss Mildred Bell and Mr. Daniel Alexander O'Gorman is set for Tuesday, June 9, at the bride's home, in Lucas avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. George Blackman have issued invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Barbara Adelaide, to Mr. David O'Neil on the afternoon of Wednesday, June 10, at the Blackman home, in Bartmer avenue.

Interesting to the Vandeventer place coterie, is the wedding of Mrs. Julia Hobart-Robinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Hobart, and Mr. Clarence Woods DeKnight, of Washington, D. C. The wedding was one of the quietest that ever took place at the Waldorf-Astoria. Miss Marion Ogden Austin, of Chicago, and Miss Elsbeth Winton, of Scranton, Pa., two schoolmates of the bride, attended her as bridesmaids. Mr. Thomas J. Barbour, of San Francisco, served the bridegroom as best man. Mr. and Mrs. DeKnight sailed on the Cedric for Europe. Upon their return from their wedding journey they will reside in Washington, D. C., where Mr. DeKnight is a member of the bar.

Capt. and Mrs. Frank L. Ridgely are in New York at present. From there they will go to the Maine resorts for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Rassieur, who sailed for Europe some time ago, were lately heard from at Rome. They are now on their way north to Wiesbaden, where they will spend a month before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Horton will summer at the Grand Hotel, Mackinac Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McCormick will leave this week for New York, whence they will sail for Europe to spend the summer abroad. They will be accompanied by Mr. Aubrey Lindley.

Mrs. John Pitman returned to New York after a brief visit to her parents. Mr. and Mrs. Lorraine Jones, of Kirkwood.

Miss Fontaine Jones left Tuesday night for Suane, Tenn., to attend the graduating exercises of two schoolmates.

Judge and Mrs. Boardman, of New Orleans, are in the city, visiting Mrs. Boardman's mother, Mrs. F. I. Capen.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Butler and family, of West Pine boulevard, will go on a cruising trip along the shores of the Atlantic the latter part of this month.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. McRee and daughter will summer at Biddeford Pool, Me.

The Tennent cottage at Biddeford Pool, Me., will be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Chapman and family, of Clemens place, this summer, the Tennents having engaged one of the prettiest of the Wequetonsing homes for their outing.

Face and scalp treated by massage and electricity at Fidelia Cosmetic Parlors, DeMenil Bldg., Seventh and Pine.

Mr. and Mrs. Tankerville Drew will remain at home during the heated season, having planned a New York trip for the early part of October.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Bailey sailed last week on the Loraine for a summer jaunt abroad.

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Our facilities and methods of taking care of the dress requirements of the groom, best man and ushers, conform to the accepted usages in good society.

Full dress shirts, dress vests, dress cravats, dress gloves and other proper fixings for men who appreciate reliable, correct attire.

Fine Diamonds

—AND OTHER—

PRECIOUS STONES

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Seventh and Pine Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Reid Northrop will sail for Europe the latter part of this week. They will be absent from home all summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Leftwich and Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Cleage, Jr., went on a coaching trip last Friday night. They took their tally-ho on the steamer to Louisiana and from there drove 'cross country to Hannibal and Quincy, returning Wednesday morning next.

Mrs. William Lloyd Garrison is the guest of Mrs. Frank Wright. Mrs. Garrison came to attend her sick brother, Mr. Wright, who is now on the road to recovery.

Mrs. William H. Thornburg and her children will leave soon for their summer home at Rye Beach.

Signor and Mme. Guido Parisi will leave for Europe on July 2 on the French liner, La Savoie. They will visit the principal cities of Europe, sojourning most of the time in Paris, Venice, Milan and Rome. Signor Parisi will return to St. Louis for his musical duties on Tuesday, September 1.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Sanders introduced a few friends, informally, Friday evening to Mr. Harry A. Burkhardt, of Boston, the friend and guest of their nephew, Mr. Whitelaw Sanders. With the assistance of Miss Sanders, one of this season's prettiest debutants, and the "ever smart and popular" Whitelaw, the guests were entertained in the charming manner for which the West Pine home is noted.

The professor (introducing his lecture), "The scientific subject I shall speak on to-day, gentlemen, is one that a hundred

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Teacher—Why did Nathan Hale regret that he had but one life to give for his country?

Up-to-Date Boy—He carried a heavy life insurance, ma'am.—Princeton Tiger.

AN EXPERT

She—They say she is fairly throwing herself at his head.

He—I suppose she's heard he's a good catch!—Smart Set.

and Hazelton elicit well-earned applause, as do also the Simpsons, who play selections on sweet-toned instruments, effective, pleasingly. Next attraction, "Black Crook."

SUMMER SHOWS

"Pousse Cafe," at the Delmar, is a flimsy, frothy show, just the sort of thing to while away an hour on a hot summer night. Just now it seems a bit unseasonable, but in a week or two, when the atmospheric conditions are right, the Weber and Fields skits scheduled at the Delmar will seem very attractive.

The chorus—of the common or garden variety—contains some small and tender specimens, known as "brollers," and is a frisky, agile body. The "silver and gold ballet" gives evidence of inexperience, but a few additional rehearsals will speedily remedy that defect.

The cast contains three German comedians, who make the hit of the piece. Mr. Jake Bernard, as the inventor of a mechanical doll, is amusing, and the Messrs. Sam Sidman and Bobbie Harris, as "a syndicate of angels," backing the inventor, are as funny as Weber and Fields ever could be.

Miss Freda Gallick, a young woman with a pleasant personality, sang songs in a costume supposed to be like that worn by Julia Arthur in "A Lady of Quality."

Many other people sing and dance, but none call for special mention. The music, by John Stromberg, is bright and made to be whistled.

Unfavorable weather has no terrors for the admirers of the great Innes, who is now holding forth at Suburban Park. And this is as it should be. For there is only one Innes. The noted bandmaster won fame when he astonished the world with his skillful performances, on the trombone. When he laid down the trombone for the baton, fame did not desert him. On the contrary, she led him on to greater success and triumph. When he took up the direction of the great amusement enterprise in St. Louis, he at once began to show his innate originality. He introduced various new features, such as the ten-cents-at-the-gate-admission rule; ample playgrounds, with a camp cooking-stove equipment, and a nursery for children; arranged for the best Coney Island and Atlantic City attractions. He also enlarged the existing features at the ground, so as to hold the masses and bring them back. Innes pays attention to detail. That is his forte, and that is the secret of his success. His band of fifty-five (he originated the half-hundred idea in bands) has captured the public. It includes well-known musical artists, who consider it a favor to be members of Innes' orchestra. Innes has converted the Suburban Garden into a place where one may find rest, pleasure and recreation. It is a garden for the masses and the classes. The Wagnerites will have their "inning" Friday night. Innes' programmes always contain Wagner features, but, on Friday night, Wagner will be permitted to reign supreme. Five of the numbers are from the Bayreuth master:

1. "Rienzi"..... Overture
2. "Albumblatt".....
3. "Parsifal".....
March of the Knights of the Holy Grail.
4. "Lohengrin"..... Fantasia
5. "The Valkyrie".....
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Wit, pathos, high tragedy, comedy, selections of the genre; something to appeal to the classically aesthetic and, too, to please "little folks" and folks of adolescence—of such broad, comprehensive scope is the programme arranged by Miss Carolyn Irwin Mehring for her Students' Recital to be given at the Odeon Friday evening, the 5th, instant. "The Clown's Baby," the delightful little story which leaves one's heart as if enrapt in cotton, so tenderly poignant is its humor-pathos, will be intrusted to Mr. Louis Truemper, Jr. Mrs. W. W. Walters will essay the role of the Italian maid, whose throbbing, pulsating heart-aches are embodied in that master-

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The "J. & D." guaranteed Hot-Water Bottles—
2-quart—Reg. price \$1.00... 63c
3-quart—Reg. price \$1.25... 69c
The Marvel Whirling Spray Syringe; regular price \$3.50; cut to..... \$2.98
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3-GRAIN QUININE PILLS, bottle 100..... 27c
LAPACTIC PILLS (S. & D.), reg. 50c—100..... 35c
GLYCERINE, chemically pure, pound 19c
WITCH HAZEL, Dickinson's double distilled, pint 10c
EXTRACT OF VANILLA (extra strong), reg. 10c bottle 3c
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Stanley Dry Plates; 4x5; this week at, dozen 29c

Dark Room Lamp, burns oil, double glass special 45c

Cards; all colors; all sizes up to and including 4x5; worth 10c; this week (5 doz. only to a customer) at, dozen..... 5c
Ideal Toning and Fixing Powder; makes 24 ounces toning solution; regular price, 25c; this week at..... 15c

CYCO PAPER—A splendid developing paper—
3 1/2x3 1/2; at, dozen..... 10c
4x5; at, dozen..... 15c
5x7; at, dozen..... 25c

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We intend making this our banner week in the Cigar Department by making some exceptionally low prices on Cigars that you all know the real value of.

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Our clear Havana line of 4 for 25c Cigars are equal to any 10c goods sold elsewhere.
King Adolph 4 for 25c
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All well-known brands at cut prices.

JUDGE & DOLPH'S New Drug Store is conveniently located 515 Olive,

Being Midway Between Barr's Corner and Scruggs' Olive Street Entrance.

piece of pen-pictures, "The Confessional." Two wholly different "numbers," one notes with pleasure, are "Easter Sunday" and "The Dukite Snake," the former to be given by Mrs. H. Freeman, the latter by Mr. Robert Cederstrom. "Old Gowns," a clever conceit which might appropriately be entitled "A Coquette's Retrospect Reflections," will be recited by Miss Ida Donnerberg. One of the most subtly delineated characters of the Bard of Avon, the exquisite, flower-like "Ophelia," will next hold our attention, impersonated by Miss Nellie Widman, the excerpt being taken from act iv, scene v, of "Hamlet." Two little tots, Blanche and Roy Remington, ages respectively five and seven years, will interpret Shakespeare's most loved lovers, "Romeo and Juliet." The diminutive Thespians' enactment of the "Balcony Scene" will, I doubt not, prove the "piece de resistance" of the evening. "Nydia," that beautiful poem of the

blind girl of Pompeii, will next be delivered by Miss Nellie Sullivan; and still "the half has not been told;" neither literally nor figuratively. The other half of the programme may not be individually annotated, because both time and space forbid. Suffice it to say it will be in consonance with the first part, which in itself is declaring much.

Mr. Guy Lindsley will present a number of pupils of the Lindsley School of Dramatic Art at the Olympic theater on Wednesday evening, June 10. The programme will be one of unusual novelty and variety. Two of the plays have never been produced in this city. The first offering is the one-act drama by W. Echard Golden, entitled "Hearts." Not long since, the New York "Herald" offered a prize of several hundred dollars for a new play in one act. Over five hundred were submitted in the competition, and "Hearts" received the

award. It is a charming blending of pathos and comedy and the plot is contrived with great ingenuity. The second offering is a most unique conceit, namely, "The New Woman, a Comedy of A. D. 1950," in three acts, by T. S. Denison. Last, but not least on the programme, is the one-act farce by Thomas J. Williams, "Lodgings to Let." One of the attractive features of the performance will be the scarcity of intermissions between acts. There will only be two waits during the entire evening, and those very brief. The following pupils will appear: Mary Frein, Jessie Clement, Marjorie Smith, Matilda Holle, Mrs. E. K. Jones, Mae Gordon, Joseph Solari, Winfield S. Muehleisen, E. J. Seems and Vincent Pittman. Next season the Lindsley School of Dramatic Art will be conducted at the Odeon. Tickets now on sale at Bollman Bros.' music store, 1120 Olive street.

Lawrence Hanley promises to make a

hit at Koerner's Garden. In fact, he has already made it. His "Taming of the Shrew" pleased mightily and attracted large audiences. Next week's production will be "Trilby." Every thing has been done to make the production a great success. The stock company is composed of talented people. It includes, among others, Miss Angeline Pulls and Miss Rachel Acton, both of St. Louis. Koerner's Garden has made a good start. Its attractions are distinctly meritorious. So far as scenic effects are concerned, no fault can be found.

An excellent vaudeville programme is offered at Forest Park Highland this week, and in spite of the torrents of rain, Col. John D. Hopkins plays to good audiences. Vaudeville is the real summer garden enjoyment, and exclusive acts, that have never been seen here before, and will not be seen again soon, catch popular favor, whenever and wherever

they are offered. This week's bill includes Will Fox, the "Paddywhiskie" fun-maker; Eva Mudge, a charming sou-brette, who can do lightning change acts quicker than any one, with a grace and finish never seen before; the Elinore Sisters, with a sketch entitled "Mrs. Delaney," that would drive away the blues of the bluest day; Morris Cronin, and his assistants, who are famous jugglers, and Wylie's Dogs offer good entertainment. Next week, Col. Hopkins will have the Montrose Troupe of gymnasts; Drawee, the cleverest of all jugglers; Ward and Curran, sweet-voiced singers and comedians, and several other acts of note and newness.

The old-time favorite extravaganza, "The Black Crook," is enjoying generous patronage at the Standard. The girls are very pretty, dress beautifully and sing and dance with a vivacity that is wholly pleasing. Miss Minnie May Thompson wins many "hands" by her really exquisite grace and poise of carriage, and for the winsomeness she manages to impart to her manner of tripping her airy "figures" in her wonderful feats in the terpsichorean art. Another who deserves special mention is Mat Schaefer. As a clever German comedian, he has few equals.

PLACING THE BLAME

Caller—So the doctor brought you a little baby sister the other night, eh?
Tommy—Yeh; I guess it was the doctor done it. Anyway, I heard him tellin' pa some time ago 'at if pa didn't pay his old bill he'd make trouble for him.

A CYNIC

"Virtue, my boy, is its own reward."
"Yes, but you'll find that most all the competitors end up by trying to convert their prizes into cash."—New York Sun.

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Though 9 out of 10 of St. Louis' swell dressers are dressed in MacCarthy-Evans togs, we want to dress the other one, too. And, like the baby made famous by a certain soap, we won't be happy until we get him. Someway or 'nother, we don't believe he'll be quite as happy with his togs as might be until we do get him for a customer.

This means you, if you're still "in the outer darkness." Donegal Homespun, "MacCarthy-Evans" Serge and Continental Crash \$35 suits are very popular just now for summer wear.

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MAKING HER WAY IN SOCIETY

One of the problems which always confronts the young girl who has just been introduced to society is "whom shall I ask to call. Of the men I know, and the men I will now meet, which are to be asked to visit me? And how is it to be done?" It is an important matter to the girl who doesn't know many men and realizes that she must have a set of acquaintances if she herself wants to entertain or have a good time when she is invited out.

As a rule, the young girl who makes her bow to society knows only the youthful friends of her school days. She may have met some of the older men at the dancing classes for young girls who are still supposed to be in school. But these men are likely to remain only acquaintances who danced with her because she was a neat looking little thing, or belonged to a family they knew. She could not dream of asking one of them to come to see her.

If her place in society is very near the top, her family will know everybody. Young men whom they have never met personally are the sons of their old friends and the mother who wants to invite them feels quite at liberty to do so when they figure at most of the dances at which her daughter is likely to be present.

In many cases a woman will invite to a coming-out dance the entire list of persons who belonged to the dancing classes of which her daughter was a member. Then the young people of her entire visiting list will be invited. As these will generally include all the persons in a certain set of society, the lady finds herself provided with a ready-made circle of friends that will last her for a year or two.

After the introductory tea or dance her mother will begin to invite the most desirable or the most intimate of these to dinner. That will form her daughter's more immediate circle, and there will be no need for asking any man to call on her; nor need the debutante trouble herself even about those who most politely ask for permission to come. Her supply will last for the first season in any case.

Then, if she does not marry, the girl who has been out for two or three years

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will begin to meet a different set of men. Some of them may not be so thoroughly in her social set, some may be foreigners, and most of them will be older than herself, and the majority of them men she has not hitherto known. And these acquaintances will be made under circumstances that prevent the men from calling as a matter of course. If she wants them she will be compelled to invite them.

By the time a girl has seen two or three years of society, she knows enough to await the opportunity to ask gracefully a man to call on her. If she has met him several times at dances or at dinners, and knows that he is the sort of person who would be acceptable to her family as a visitor, she can tell him that she hopes to see him soon again, and say that she is certain her mother would be glad to have him call. Or she

may mention her day at home, and say that she would be glad to have him call then. Or if they have a mutual friend who has been a caller at her house, she can tell him to come some day to see her with Mr. A.

If she has met a man several times, and knows his address through friends, it is quite permissible to ask him to a tea or musicale, or even a dance. She has come to desire a somewhat broader horizon, and is now become familiar enough with social usage to know how to invite her friends properly herself.

But in the case of the young women who do not come into society to find a social set ahead awaiting them, the question of inviting young men to call is much more important. The girls may have made sufficient acquaintances to know men enough to supply themselves at the dances to which they are invited. Or they may have a large enough acquaintance to know all they need to know. But they will be thrown much more on their own resources than the young women who belong to the highest social sets. In these invitations to one another's houses are given with more freedom than in any other. One family may have no personal acquaintance with another, and know simply that it belongs to the same social set. But it is very likely that the hostess will invite the young people of the other family to any large entertainment she may give, although there is little or no personal acquaintance. And all these traits of high society are agreeable for the young woman who is making her bow to the world, and finds everything so easy for her.

The other girl, with fewer social advantages, although she may be quite as liberally endowed with good looks and wealth, will find that she does not know every man in her set so soon as she comes out, chiefly because she does not possess an organized set in the sense that the girl in society does. Nor has she the old friends of her family to fall back on, as the other girl has. She is thrown on her own resources, and while she wants a circle of men friends, she, of course, seeks to form it with the greatest regard to social propriety and maidenly modesty.

There is never the slightest infraction of either of these rules when a girl asks a man whom she has met several times to call on her. If they see one another at dinner or dinners and the man plainly exhibits an interest in her, there is no reason in the world why she should not invite him. If on the other hand they meet only once or twice and have many mutual friends, have heard of one another frequently and are plainly congenial, a man may with propriety be asked to call. Of course much will depend on his apparent desire to see her again. That is a question which the girl must determine herself.

There is another phase of the social question which every girl is compelled to encounter. There are many men who see no impropriety whatever in asking a girl if they may call. Usually there are two conditions under which there could be no objection to this practice. If a man is so much interested in a girl that he must know her better, and sees no other way, he may be excused for making such a request.

Another condition that excuses the man if he asks to call exists when he thinks the girl does not really know whether he wants to or not and hesitates to invite him for that reason. Then he is to be pardoned for requesting to be allowed to see her again. But under most conditions, men are inclined to look askance at others who seek such invitations. The practice savors too much of the social climber.

When the girl to whom such a request is made does not want to receive the person who makes it, she is likely to find herself in an embarrassing situation. The safest way out is to say "yes," and then rely on showing the caller, when he appears, that his request was a mistake.

She can be "out." But if there is no reason why she should not receive him and he is not open to rejection on any social grounds, there is nothing for her to do but to consent to receive him. Most of the foreigners who come to this country make their way through New York drawing rooms by this simple method of asking if they may not call. But among American men the practice is not popular.—New York Sun.



WHY HE CALLED HER PEGGY

"I thought your wife's name was Elizabeth?"

"So it is."

"Then, why do you call her Peggy?"

"Short for Pegasus."

"Why, Pegasus, is feminine for Pegasus."

"Well?"

"Well, Pegasus is an immortal steed."

"What of that?"

"Sh! Not so loud; she's in the next room. You see, an immortal steed is an everlasting nag, and there you are.—Indianapolis Journal.



A MATTER OF ECONOMY

Mrs. Newlywed—You don't press me to your bosom as often as you used.

Mr. Newlywed—No; I can't afford to mash the cigars in my vest pocket as often as I used.—Judge.

Olympic Theater

Mr. Guy Lindsley

Presents a number of Pupils of the Lindsley School of Dramatic Art

—IN—

"Hearts"

The New York Herald Prize Play.

"The New Woman"

A Comedy of A. D. 1950.

—AND—

"Lodgings To Let"

Wednesday Evening, June 10th

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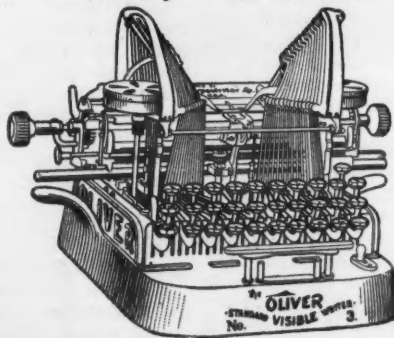
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THE STOCK MARKET

Fresh bear attacks and all sorts of ugly rumors conspired to bring about another lowering of values in Wall street. At times, it looked as if every trader on the stock exchange had stuff to sell at any old price. Liquidation made its appearance in the most unexpected quarters. In a few leading issues, it assumed almost startling dimensions. Noticing the eagerness to sell and the lack of support, bears did not seem in any particular hurry to cover their short contracts, except to a limited extent. Most of the liquidation undoubtedly emanated from syndicate members, who had become disheartened and tired of longer carrying their oppressive loads of "indigestible" issues.

There is, unquestionably, some foundation for the statements recently made that the Goulds and Rockefellers are fighting Morgan and the Pennsylvania people. Ever since Mr. George Gould entered upon the execution of his project to extend the Wabash to the Atlantic coast, and to tap the Pittsburgh manufacturing district, the Pennsylvania Railway interests have been harassing him in every conceivable way, secretly as well as openly. They bitterly resented the invasion of their territory by a rival road, and it was for the purpose of retalliating that they refused longer to continue their contract with the Western Union. If there were no bitter feeling between the two groups of railroad financiers, there would have been no rash and wholesale cutting down of poles and wires along the Pennsylvania Railroad lines. It is an interesting and portentous fight. On the outcome of it depend, to a considerable degree, the fortunes of the stock market.

Among the syndicates also there is bad blood. Charges are made that various coteries have been endeavoring to "unload" on each other; that holdings have been sold in violation of solemn agreements, and that the most unscrupulous ones even went so far as to sell short their own stocks in a roundabout way. All this was to be expected, of course. When prices go to pieces, harmonious relations are seldom maintainable. When profits disappear or change into losses, temper is apt to become resentful and acerbic. Conditions now are not much different from what they were on previous like occasions.

The principal cause of the "slump" was an oversupply of stocks. There was too much stuff to go round. The intents of syndicates had become too apparent to deceive even the unsophisticated. Ever since the latter part of last year, liquidation was constantly in evidence. The course of quotations amply reflected it. It is quite sensible to assume that some of the most prominent leaders of the defunct bull market turned sellers months ago, or shall we say a year, or two years ago? They came to a recognition of the adamant fact that the limit had been reached at the time the money market was undergoing continuous flurries, and thereby necessitating frequent appeals to the Federal Treasury for succor.

It would seem that the formation of the famous relief syndicate, last December, with funds aggregating \$50,000,000 was the first grave open symptom of disintegration. It aroused apprehensions even among those who had theretofore been in the habit of scouting all probability of a collapse. The syndicate would never

have been formed, if leading bankers had not come to the conclusion that such action was necessary in order to avert calamitous developments. The banks had loaned out many millions against stock exchange collateral. To protect their loans, they were compelled to exert themselves in the formulation and adoption of methods calculated to prevent a too precipitous crash. And they let it become known that they were ready to relieve monetary stringency and to accommodate pressed borrowers.

The banks acted in self-defence, for temporary purposes. Their plan was a mere makeshift. As soon as they had succeeded in imparting a sort of equilibrium to the situation, and induced a moderate buying movement and even a fairly substantial rise in values, in January, they began to withdraw and to urge affiliated interests to do likewise. They sold stocks. They got rid of their more dubious holdings. They tightened their purse-strings and refused to renew loans against industrial issues. They even began to discriminate against some of the strictly speculative railroad shares. The perilous position of the Associated Banks and the constant danger of gold exports only added to this feeling of disquiet and distrust in high financial circles.

Since then, prices have receded in every direction. Good and bad stocks alike have suffered from urgent liquidation. At this time, one can buy at quotations that look a good deal more attractive than did those prevailing in the early months of 1902. New York Central should certainly be a better purchase at 126 than it was at 170, the price quoted some time ago. Union Pacific common may be tackled with more safety, and more prospect of reaping profits at 83 than it could have been at 110. Baltimore & Ohio common looks "good" at 87; it sold in large chunks at 116 not so long since. And there are Atchison common at 75; Pennsylvania at 127; Southern Pacific at 49½; Missouri Pacific at 104½; St. Paul common at 148; Reading common at 49; Erie preferred at 67 and Chicago & Northwest common at 174.

In the ordinary course of events, the market should be ripe for a sharp rally. Its technical position is such as to make further bear operations decidedly hazardous. There must be a big short interest which has to be covered. The weak fellows have been shaken out in a clean and clever fashion. Stocks have drifted into hands that are better able to hold and to protect them. According to late dispatches from London and Berlin, investors there are once more beginning to evince strong inclination to tackle "Americans." Some large purchases for foreign account have already been reported.

While the purchasing side appears to be the safest to adopt at the present time, it will not do to disregard conservative principles. There are still some features which make for suspicion and fear. The iron market is still showing signs of weakness. Prices are drooping. There have also been sharp reactions in copper and tin.

Developments in foreign exchange need close watching. Sterling is phenomenally strong. So much so, indeed, that further gold exports may be looked for almost with certainty. It is intimated that the Germans are about to withdraw a large portion of their money from this side. They are in need of it at home. This

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THE NEWEST BOOKS.

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of course, cannot fail but tend to restrict the supply of money in New York available for speculative purposes

LOCAL SECURITIES

The bears appear to be in control of the St. Louis market. Their operations of late were very successful. A good deal of long and weakly-margined stock was thrown overboard by disgusted holders. Some of the declines were of almost sensational dimensions. As a result of the heavy outpour of long holdings, the speculative feeling is one of great uncertainty and timidity. Investment buying has not as yet made its appearance. Money-eyed people are still clinging to the theory that another shake-out is sure to come, and that quotations are still far from reflecting intrinsic value.

St. Louis Transit suffered the most. It broke to 23 1/4. Transactions were fairly large. The stock shows little recuperative power. United Railways preferred behaved itself in a more confidence inspiring way. The lowest touched by it was 73 1/4. The 4 per cent. bonds remained steady at 84 1/4. The proposed new bond issue of \$20,000,000 must be regarded as the principal reason for the slaughter in street railway quotations.

Third National Bank stock was an extremely weak feature. At this writing, it is obtainable at 300 flat. The fluctuations in the stock were wide and sudden at times. Bank of Commerce is quoted at 355 asked, at which several sales were recorded. Lincoln Trust sank to about 248 and rallied again to 249. Missouri Trust lost a point. It is now quoted at 128 1/2. Mercantile Trust is ex dividend and selling at 388. Mechanics National Bank is firm and selling at 270.

Bank clearances show a small decrease. Money is steady at 5 and 6 per cent. Sterling is stiff and quoted at 4.88 1/4.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

L. L. K., Ft. Smith, Ark.—Would sell the bonds. They are being sold in a quiet way by insiders. The surplus of the concern is falling off. There is danger that interest payments will soon have to be stopped.

Dickson, Sedalia, Mo.—Can't give you any information about the stock mentioned. It is not quoted on exchanges.

H. F. R., Fulton, Mo.—Better hang on to it. You have a good margin up and can afford to withstand another attack. Don't think much of Alton common. No dividend in sight. Keep out of Rubber Goods preferred.


Hudson, Albany, N. Y.—Glad you kept your cash clean and cool. Cash is always better than stocks. Would not care to buy Wisconsin preferred. Pennsylvania looks tempting as a speculative proposition. You might buy on a small scale, paying cash. It is hard to determine, however, whether it has seen its lowest or not. The course of the stock will necessarily be influenced by the rest of the market. My strictly personal opinion is that the rally which is due by this time will not hold, and that, after a while, prices will go lower than ever. It is quite likely, however, that forced buying may cause an advance of from 7 to 10 points in some instances.

Subscriber.—Would hold bank stock mentioned. Dividend payments are certain to be continued at present rate. Bank has a big surplus. Virginia Chemical is a gamble. Let it alone.

Laggard—Republic Steel preferred may be low, but is not cheap. No, can't advise investing in it. There is too much of it waiting for distribution among outsiders.

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Edited By MICHAEL MONAHAN.

There is (God knows) no lack of magazines without individuality. The field that we have chosen looks Large and Lonesome, but we are Not Worried because McClure and Munsey and Bok are Nowhere in sight. By and by when the Money begins to come Our Way, we shall have lots of Company.

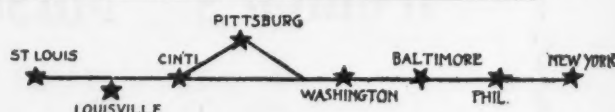
The Papyrus is for people who have got tired of Canned Literature—who want to get away from the Eternal Trite—who demand Honest Thinking and Writing that is born of the Red Corpuscle.

Oh yes, we know They Say this kind of a magazine can't succeed, but if it's the Kind you would like to read, suppose you Help us to stay.

You don't want the Other Fellows to have All the cakes and ale, do you? Just send us Now, while you think of it, a Lone Dollar, and we'll keep each other's Company for a Year.

Seize the psychic moment when your Dollar looks to us as big as a Cart Wheel. Later on we shall be looking at it through the Other End of the glass. The way to subscribe is to SUBSCRIBE.

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MILITARY ECLIPSE

Prior to the last solar eclipse the colonel of a German regiment of infantry sent for his sergeants and observed: "There will be an eclipse of the sun tomorrow. The regiment will meet on the parade grounds in undress. I will come and explain the eclipse before drill. If the day is cloudy the men will meet in the drill shed as usual." Whereupon the sergeants drew up the following order of the day: "To-morrow morning, by order of the colonel, there will be an eclipse of the sun. The regiment will assemble on

the parade ground, where the colonel will come and superintend the eclipse in person. If the sky is cloudy the eclipse will take place in the drill shed."—Fres no Mirror.

ALAS!

"Well, then, how must I make love?"
"First, you must believe that there is no one in the world but me."
"I've got that far already."
"Next, you must make me believe that there is no one in the world but you."—Life.



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LACES!

LACES!

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It will pay you to purchase some of these bargains at once, as the sale of same has been very great.

5000 yards Torchon, Medici, Cluny, Valenciennes, cream serpentine bands, Point de Paris—cost the importer \$1 dozen—Our price, a yard..... 5c

10,000 yards 4-inch Cluny Insertions, 5-inch Point de Paris; 5-inch Valenciennes Insertions, 3-inch cream medallions, 3-inch black and cream silk Chantilly—cost the importer \$1.89 dozen—our price, choice on table, a yard .. 10c

3500 yards silk Chantilly Laces also Chantilly Medallions, both black and cream—sold all over town at 35c a yard—Our price, a yard..... 15c

3500 yards Cluny Lace Insertions, both white and butter, actual width 5 inches, English medallion bands, with colored centers—cost to import, \$5.50 a dozen—Our price, a yard..... 25c

10,000 yards very fine Laces, all kinds, cream silk serpentine bands, also black, actual widths 5 inches—cost to import, 89c a yard—Our price, in this sale, a yard..... 25c

7500 yards Torchon, Medici, Footing, English Serpentine Insertions, Medallions, etc.—cost the importer 65c a dozen—Our price, a yard..... 2½c

3700 yards fine Laces, Oriental, Irish Point, Point d'Alencon, Cluny, Chantilly and Guipure Bands and Galloons, etc.—cost the importer \$1.10 a yard—Our price, a yard..... 35c

5000 yards Imitation Torchon Lace and Insertion—also English Galloons, Point de Paris, Vals., etc—cost to import, 85c a dozen—Our price, a yard..... 3 1-3c

Real Antique Laces, actual width 5 inches—Sale price, a yard..... 25c

20-inch Black Valenciennes Lace All-overs, importer's cost price 48c a yard—Our price, a yard..... 19c

4500 yards of Cream and White Real Point Venice and Ap-Laces, from 1½ to 2 inches, some medallion effects, cost to import, 18c a yard—Our sale price, a yard 5c



Women's Muslin Underwear

(Second Floor.)

New, clean and fresh. Latest patterns and lowest prices. See window display on Washington Avenue.



Women's Gowns, of good muslin, yoke of tucks and hemstitching, hemstitched ruffle on neck and sleeves, full width and length—Our price..... 50c

Women's Chemise Gowns, of fine Nainsook, neck and sleeves edged with embroidery—Our price 89c

Women's Chemises, made of cambric, yoke trimmed with embroidery, neck and arm holes embroidery trimmed—Our price 39c

Women's Chemises, extra length, made of fine Nainsook, bosom trimmed with two rows of torchon insertion, neck and arm holes lace edged—Our price.... \$1.19

Women's Cambric Drawers, umbrella ruffle, hemstitched—Our price..... 20c

Women's Drawers, of cambric, trimmed with Hamburg embroidery and three hemstitched tucks above, open or close—Our price 50c

Women's Cambric Corset Covers, full front and French back—Our price.... 19c

HOSIERY! HOSIERY!

This Stock is too heavy. Goods must be disposed of if Reduced Prices will do it!!

Ladies' imported French Lisle Thread and Fine Cotton Hose, polka dots and vertical stripes, 50c and 25c goods; reduced to..... 12½c

Ladies' imported all-over lace Lisle Thread Hose, fast black, pretty patterns, 50c and 75c goods; reduced to 49c and..... 35c

Children's imported fast black Cotton Hose, 1x1 rib, unbleached feet and split feet, 25c and 35c goods; reduced to..... 17½c

Children's and infants' fine gauze Lisle Thread and Cotton Hose and Sox, broken lots, fans, reds and stripes, 35c, 25c and 15c goods; reduced to..... 10c

Racine Stocking Feet, good quality, black and unbleached, like cut, per half dozen.. 50c



The largest stock of Ladies' and Children's Knit Underwear—in fact, it is so large that we are obliged to cut prices so as to get the stock down. Now come and get them.

Children's Jersey Ribbed Cotton Vests, low neck, \$1-3c value, cut to, each..... 5c

Boys' Jersey Ribbed and Flat Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, broken sizes and styles, 25c and 35c values, cut to..... 12½c

Children's Jersey Ribbed Nazareth Waists, beautifully trimmed, 19c value, cut to.... 12½c

WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.

EARLY MARRIAGES

Among the Vanderbilts the early marriages that have been habitually contracted by the young men of the family seem to have been attended by auspicious results.

None of the wives of the younger Vanderbilts have been poor, but it is only fair to say that all of the boys have made what can be truthfully called love matches. The present Cornelius Vanderbilt forfeited his position as the head of the house by persisting in his determination to marry Miss Wilson, to the serious and resentful displeasure of his father. There is real good blood in the Vanderbilts and they would be reckoned as fine people if none of them had any more money than enough to live on. Willie K. has had troubles of his own, but who of us have not? Scandals are likely to happen in the poorest families, but when they do the world hears nothing about it. There would be no use to deny that money lends a great interest to what the people do who have lots of it.

It is not at all an illogical theory that the habit of early marriages among the Vanderbilts has been distinctly influential in conserving the fortunes of the family. As it is believed, in the case of Reginald, that he should be placed in the way of some strong incentive to settle down, it is most felicitous that he has found a plan of subsidence and crystallization which appeals to his fancy and which has taken possession of his heart. Twenty-two does seem pretty young for a man to marry, but where all concern about the means of living has been eliminated, there is no overpowering argument in favor of waiting longer. It may be said with practical assurance that it is better for persons to marry too young than to put it off until they are too old. The danger of getting tired of the game is about the same in either case. The enthusiasm and the romance and the flexibility of youth are about as safe to count on in matrimony as the judgment and firmness of greater maturity. In the case of young people with as much money as the Vanderbilts, the satiety with pleasures comes very early in life. Boys with millions of dollars behind them become pretty thoroughly blasé even at 23. Everything else has been "done to death" by them and they find a new attraction in the contemplation of the home circle. They have plenty of means to avoid all of the irksome phases of domesticity, and to obtain the variety which makes life agreeable. Married people in America are allowed a reasonable degree of liberty by the social code, and getting married doesn't signify being barred, by any means.



SHE KNEW THAT HE KNEW

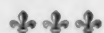
George was caught napping. A pair of soft little hands covered his eyes and a sweet voice commanded: "Guess who it is."

Nothing very dreadful for George in this, you think, but then you don't know that George has two sweethearts, whose voices are somewhat similar, and, for the life of him, he couldn't decide whose voice it was, which made it a very embarrassing situation for him. A wrong guess would lead to complications awful to think of. But a happy thought inspired George, and he announced:

"It's the dearest, sweetest little girl in all the world."

"Oh, you lovely boy!" gurgled the satisfied one as she removed her hands.

And now George thinks of applying for a diplomatic post, feeling that his talents would be wasted in any other field.—"Till-Bits."



GOOD PROSPECTS

"How attentive Mr. Tattler is to Miss Millyuns! Do they get along well together?"

Nobody knows."

"Well, that's encouraging."—Judge.



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Tickets on Sale July 2, 3, 4, 5.

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Tickets on Sale June 8, 9, 10.

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is ideal—mild and balmy, and at the
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